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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Books Are News

AN honest ham-sandwich is preferable to a badly cooked pâté, and straightforward news of books is better than half-baked criticism. The reason why so much book reviewing is unsatisfactory to every one but the reviewer is to be found in this simple statement. Reviewing may be criticism, and the reviewing in such a magazine as *The Saturday Review of Literature* emphasizes criticism, but reviewing, just because it deals with new books, must be news, and hence must be journalism. Newspaper reviewing especially is essentially journalism. By and large, and excepting obvious exceptions, it is bad journalism.

It is bad journalism because there is no general understanding that it is journalism at all. Reviewing is supposed to be "literary"; it is supposed to require, not training in journalism, not adroitness in grasping news values, not skill in presentation, but that vague "background" of culture and the love of books which is supposed to come with a college degree and a major course in English. But such a "background" is no adequate preparation for criticism, which asks for more strenuous endeavors, more breadth of knowledge, more acuteness of special insight than any profession except medicine in its most specialized varieties and some branches of law. Hence, if reviewing, and especially newspaper reviewing, is commissioned from book lovers who cannot be critics and are not journalists, the result will be what all are familiar with—sprawling "literary" reviews, feeble in their critical estimates, weak in perception, and entirely wanting in those qualities of precision, interest, and news which journalism requires.

Whatever else new books are they are news, and news of a character far more important than managing editors have recognized. Is it necessary to labor this point? The advance of science, the interpretation of politics, the satiric study of contemporary characters, ideas in poetry, new forms of beauty, authentic history—this is news, and first assembled, first made accessible in its maturity, in books. Scarcely a week passes between August and December, and between January and June, when there is not a full-length news story of real importance and great interest in a just published book.

But it takes a journalist to see this news, and to get this news, and to make this news *seem* news—and how many such journalists are there among the tens of thousands of reviewers—steady, casual, professional, amateur—in the United States?

This magazine has stood and will stand for better criticism, sounder criticism, more acute and more suggestive criticism. It is the function of a literary weekly to uphold criticism, scholarship, and literary perception. It is its duty to seek knowledge and wisdom and maturity of judgment, even if news sometimes suffers. But criticism is only the half, and probably should be only the third, of reviewing. This is a plea for journalistic reviewing. It is a plea for as much skill in presenting a book news-story as in narrating a murder news-story. It is a plea to editors of newspapers to give books a chance; to give them real journalists as reviewers instead of amateur critics with a shadowy background; to make reviewing a department of journalism; to seek news in the minds of authors as well as upon the street.

After all, there are only three things we want to know about a book. *Is it good for anything?* That is a critic's job, but a good journalist will develop sufficient critical ability to answer the question with approximate truth. *What (or whom) is it good for?* Here a journalist may have the better answer. *What is new in it?* And this is a journalist's question to be answered (with what expert advice may be needed) by a writer who, whatever else he may be, is a good journalist.

The Lady of My Love

By CHARD POWERS SMITH

WILL you be true? Yes, I am true,
True to the lady of my love.
What lady are you speaking of?
Today not you, tomorrow you—
The only lady of my love.

But are you true to me, to me?
Will you be true to flesh and blood?
If she is made of flesh and blood,
The soul of you I can not see,
The soul of you I know to be
The lady of my love.

She walks where ancient lovers are,
The rose behind the changing rose;
Beneath the sea, the sea's repose;
The star that shines behind a star;
The beauty that survives above
This universe that stirs and stirs.
And I am yours while you are hers—
The lady of my love.

This Week

"Proteus, or The Future of Intelligence." Reviewed by *Arthur Colton.*

"No More Parades" and "The Great World." Reviewed by *Mary M. Colum.*

"Inside the Moscow Art Theatre." Reviewed by *John Mason Brown.*

"The Life and Letters of John Burroughs." Reviewed by *Norman Foerster.*

"The Pilgrim of Eternity." Reviewed by *Samuel C. Chew.*

"The Man Mencken." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*

"Keats and Shakespeare." Reviewed by *Arnold Whitridge.*

"Two Lives." Reviewed by *G. R. Elliott.*

Next Week, or Later

Authorship Ready-to-Wear. By *Burgess Johnson.*

Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years." Reviewed by *John Drinkwater.*

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Saturday Review Company, Inc., has purchased the stock interest of Time, Inc., in *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW COMPANY, INC.
Henry S. Canby, President.

John Woolman

By F. V. MORLEY

NONE of Charles Lamb's chance remarks gives me more pleasure than a sudden, almost unnoticed notice of John Woolman. The year was 1834; the occasion, a breakfast at Crabb Robinson's. The cause of the breakfast was a young American, Nathaniel Parker Willis, poet and flâneur. Willis, as Mr. Lucas says, "was loitering observantly through Europe for the *New York Mirror*, to which paper, unknown to his English friends (with whom he passed for a diplomatist in the making), he was sending lively travel sketches under the title 'Pencillings by the Way'." Willis had impressed Landor favorably, and had obtained from him a letter to Crabb Robinson. He turned up at the latter's rooms in the Temple, asking to meet Charles and Mary Lamb. Robinson, shrewd lawyer, thought Willis a dandy, and "one who strives to be genteel;" but he had the impeccable letter from Landor, and he talked with appreciation of Robinson's friends. He was a pleasing and intelligent listener; and I suspect this flattered Robinson. So Charles and Mary Lamb were invited for breakfast on June 19th, "expressly to be seen by Willis the Yankee." In Crabb Robinson's reminiscences there is the note: "The morning's breakfast was not remarkable. My journal says merely 'Poor M. L. was not strong, but C. L. was quiet.' W. was glad to have seen them." He then goes on in righteous anger to condemn Willis for duplicity and for serving up the breakfast in the American press.

* * *

Willis's was not a gentlemanly action; nevertheless, we may be grateful for his account. Since the pencillings were written, by all means let us enjoy them; and the more because Willis was an excellent reporter. Every so often a fresh diarist should be introduced to any man whose conversation is worth recording. Save only Boswell, it is hard to think of a diarist-biographer whose observation does not stale as familiarity increases. Contrast Crabb Robinson's "Poor M. L. was not strong, but C. L. was quiet" with Willis's quick, deft, observant narrative, as it appears in Mr. Lucas's "Life of Lamb." No promptings were necessary. All Willis had to do was to lend enthusiastic attention, and the copy was ready for him; Lamb's talk "was so in the vein of his inimitable writings, that I could have fancied myself listening to an audible composition of new Elias." Only once did Willis set up an Aunt Sally; she was then knocked down with the remark that introduces John Woolman. Willis raised the topic of American literature. Robinson broke in instantly with praise of Webster's speeches, "which he said were exciting the greatest attention among tho politicians and lawyers of England." When Robinson's enthusiasm allowed, Lamb said; "I don't know much of American authors. Mary, there, devours Cooper's novels with a ravenous appetite, with which I have no sympathy. The only American book I ever read twice was the 'Journal of Edward Woolman,' a Quaker preacher and tailor, whose character is one of the finest I ever met with. He tells a story or two about negro slaves, that brought the tears into my eyes." Robinson missed this altogether. Willis got it down only through surprise, and, incidentally, got the name wrong. But it was no desire to knock over Aunt Sally that led Lamb to mention the unknown Woolman. It was a sudden, chance reversion of thought to one of his old favorites. "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart," was Lamb's note thirteen years before. He saw Willis prick up at the unfamiliar name, but the dandy was not likely to be interested in Quaker meetings, and the subject changed.

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Except for the affectionate insistence of his few admirers, John Woolman's name would be still unknown to the reporters of the world. Yet to those who study the writings of the tailor of Mount Holly in Colonial New Jersey (his dates were 1720-1773), they are more worth keeping than the writings of Ezekiel. As with Ezekiel, Woolman's "Journal" (which is now available in its full form in Mrs. F. B. Gummere's edition)* starts off with a dream:

I had a Dream about the ninth year of my age as follows: I saw the Moon rise near the West, and run a regular course Eastward, so swift that in about a quarter of an hour, she reached our Meridian, when there descended from her a small Cloud on a Direct line to the Earth, which lighted on a pleasant Green about twenty yards from the Door of my Father's House (in which I thought I stood) and was immediately turned into a Beautiful green Tree. The Moon appeared to run on with Equal Swiftness, and soon set in the East, at which the Sun arose at the place where it commonly doth in the Summer, and Shineing with full Radiance in a Serene air, it appeared as pleasant a morning as ever I saw.

All this time I stood in the door, in an Awfull frame of mind, and I observed that as heat increased with the Rising Sun, it wrought so powerfully on the little green Tree, that the leaves gradually withered, and before Noon it appear'd dry and dead. Then there appear'd a Being Small of Size, moving Swift from the North Southward, call'd a 'Sun Worm.'

Tho' I was a Child, this dream was instructive to me.

The instruction, the interpretation, need not concern us. The important thing about this dream is the unusual spaciousness, and the power of direct, swift sight. Clearly the youngster, conscious or unconscious, knew how to taste celestial ichor, and we shall not waste our time in following him. When he was twice this age, still living quietly at home in the village of Rancocas—a village which at that time, for all its being in the New World, was almost as Yorkshire as Yorkshire—his native gift of imagination was allied with a growing reasonableness, and with a will strong to subdue his vanities. He began his grown-up life with a simple creed of charity, of forswearing cruelty, of self-subjection. This creed was followed privately, and to his plain face came those "glances of Real beauty" which belong to those "who dwell in true meekness." To do no harm to man or beast, to love God through loving His creation, seemed to combine happiness in this world and the next. So powerful the joy that followed, it must have expression. "Being under a Strong Exercise of Spirit," he testified in Quaker Meeting to the value of his creed; but "not keeping close to the Divine Opening, I said more than was required of me and being soon sencible of my error, I was afflicted in mind some weeks, without any light or comfort, even to that degree that I could take satisfaction in nothing." Here is the first witness to the nicety of discrimination and to the agony at failure, which characterize John Woolman's mental strife. By this experience he was humbled and disciplined until "understanding became more strengthened to distinguish the language of the pure Spirit which inwardly moves the heart."

So far, one watches the life, the growth, of a poet; that is, of a passionate man whose feelings wrought powerfully for expression in the one conventional, accepted medium he knew. But more and more his passion set in the direction of the Quaker ministry. From his strong feeling sprang "a lively operative desire for the good of others." His attentive, eager reading of the prophets left no doubt in him that he was a watchman in this world, under strict orders from a stern god. The instructions given to Ezekiel were translated by John Woolman into terms of his own life; and no sooner thoughtfully translated than acted on. When he left his father's home, he was

Formerly grounded, and fast setteled
On firme foundation of true bountihed.

and he had every intention of fighting as valiantly as ever Guyon fought for Temperance and for the New Jerusalem. One of his first acts was to reason with an innkeeper at whose house "there was uncomon Reveling." Another was to reason with his employer about the keeping of slaves—which, against common Quaker practice, John Woolman took as "inconsistent with the Christian Religion." The astonishing thing is that the innkeeper was tolerant, and that Woolman's employer respected his apprentice's opinions. Evidently John Woolman was an unusually disarming social reformer. He had his scruples and he would not pocket them obligingly. But his disobligeance was so taking that he had older men upon his side before they knew it, promising him to become better men. He made them apologize to him, and they respected him.

From this time, though his body was sitting cross-legged in his tailor's shop, fingers busily making "a pair of stars of Hannah Woolman" (these cost eighteen shillings), or "a little bonit for Amey Gill" (this tenpence), or "a Pair of Trousers for Cupid" (Cupid was a slave, and his trousers cost a shilling, cash), his heart was abroad with sufferers wherever his mind could find them. Desire to help the negroes led him at many periods to shut up his shop and travel through the south to learn about them or through the north to plead for them. His journal is studded with narratives of journeys, beginning "Having found drawings in my mind to visit friends on Long Island . . . I set off," or "Feeling an exercise in relation to a visit to the Southern parts to increase upon me, I acquainted our monthly meeting therewith, and Obtained their Certificate." More and more often was the door of his home locked, and John Woolman away proving his familiar maxim, that "Conduct is more convincing than language." It is not our purpose to follow these journeys, so much as to note the spirit and the courage with which they were undertaken. They led him into dangers, but he forged shackles for his fears. They led him more often into hardships, but these he dismissed as "deep exercises that were mortifying to the creaturely will." To every one whose "Scituation in life is difficult," John Woolman wanted to carry a message of relief. His journey over the Wyalusing trail to visit an Indian settlement, is an astonishing record of the strength of his purpose. There was no particular reason why he should want to go to Wyalusing. With the utmost sympathy, I cannot see that his short stay among the Indians repaid the effort made to reach them. Never mind, John Woolman felt a call to go and speak with them, and went and spoke, and came away, his duty done, his mind in perfect resignation. He then felt a call to travel, as he had travelled earlier, among slaveholders in the south; but this time chastening his flesh by journeying on foot, discarding physical comforts as far as possible. That he might have more sympathy with slaves, he lived less well than they. Flesh would not stand his treatment. It melted from him; he was left then an anæmic, with large burning eyes. Sometimes he overeached himself, converting others to his creed by pity for his condition rather than by conviction that what he said was true. His close, laborious, continuous enquiry, whether he as an individual kept clear from all things which were connected with or which tended to stir up oppression, cruelty, luxury, led him to habits and to acts which were uncomfortable in a guest. Withal, so native his gentility, so insistent his claims for visiting, that few could refuse his coming; and, humanity being what it is, many good-natured people did whatever he wanted them to do, to give him his sincere and rapturous relief.

* * *

When John Woolman was at home he was of unfailing usefulness in the primitive community. He wrote deeds and advertisements for sales; he measured grain for farmers and surveyed their lands; he fetched and carried anything for anyone. He taught, and wrote "A First Book for Children," a tiny 48mo, which he gave away or sold for cost. He was on guard to serve and to protect the village; he fought a spirited verbal contest when a conjurer came to entertain the people of an evening; and he drove the son of Belial away. But he was not content at home; his "concerns," his "calls," made him feel but a sojourner among his family. He felt he ought to go to the Barbadoes; then felt he could not conscientiously take passage in any vessel engaged in the West India trade. He had a severe illness, and thought that it was the Lord's will that he should die, and so refused to aid his nurses; yet had a dream that so encouraged him that he felt he might "remain some longer in the body," and inspired his nurses, and grew well. He then felt "a draft" in his mind towards England, and engaged a passage in the steerage of the ship *Mary and Elizabeth*—he had a scruple against "the Cabbin"—and after five weeks at sea landed at London. He had not wandered far in England, preaching and endeavoring to help the workers, when small-pox caught him, and he died, at York.

In so short a narrative only the comic elements stand out. The small, spare figure in undyed clothing, is but one of many itinerant enthusiasts, part saint, part Uncle Joseph, as the latter was portrayed in "The Wrong Box." But John Woolman is a figure in literature as well as in the quiet annals of the Quakers. He lived, he thought, he felt, and then he wrote. He knew what he wanted to say and he said it with beautiful Biblical sincerity and simpleness. There is no better short description of a storm at sea, and of the way a man should face a storm at sea, than this fragment from his journal:

This morning the Clouds gathered, the wind blew Strong from south eastward, and before noon increased to that degree that Sailing appeared dangerous. The Seamen then bound up some of their Sails, took some down, and the Storm increasing, they put the dead lights, so called, into the Cabbin windows, and lighted a lamp as at Night.

The wind now blew vehemently, and the Sea wrought to that degree that an awful seriousness prevailed in the Cabbin, in which I spent I believe about seventeen hours; for I believed the poor wet toiling Seamen had need of all the room in the Crowded Steerage, and the Cabbin passenger had given me frequent invitations.

They ceased now from Sailing, and put the vessel in the posture called *lying-too*.

My mind in this tempest, through the gracious Assistance of the Lord, was preserved in a good degree of resignation, and I felt at times a few words in his love to my Ship mates, in regard to the All sufficiency of Him who formed the great deep, and whose care is so extensive that a Sparrow falls not without his notice, and thus in a tender frame of mind spake to them of the necessity of our Yielding in true obedience, to the instructions of our heavenly Father, who sometimes through adversities intendeth our refinement.

About eleven at Night, I went out on the deck, when the Sea wrought exceedingly, and the high foaming waves all round about had in some sort the appearance of fire; but did not give much if any light. The sailor then at the helm said he lately saw a Corposant at the head of the Mast.

About this time I observed that the Master of the Ship ordered the Carpenter to keep on the deck; and though he said little I apprehended his care was that the Carpenter with his axe might be in readiness in case of any extremity.

Soon after this the vehemency of the wind abated, and before morning they again put the Ship under Sail.

The "Journal," containing several passages as fine as this, and some finer but less fitted for quotation, is a remarkable document. It shows in an unsparing light a man who was odd and full of crotchets; who was guileless, meek, and plain; who was uncompromising, direct, occasionally tedious. I am frank enough to say I should flee his company in person, though I love it in his book. In physique he was a weakling. By nature he shrank from pain and from brutality. In mind he was so constructed that an incompleted syllogism hurt. And in moral courage, in the endurance he drew from his few fundamental dogmas, in the firm gentleness with which he acted on them, the sympathy and innocence with which he would extend their influence; in the appreciation of these strong things, strong enough to bring tears to Lamb's eyes, I am on Lamb's side, and not happy about the facile reporter who jotted down John Woolman's name and got it wrong. There never was but one Woolman; Edward could not have been his name; he was Honest John.

Being Intelligent

PROTEUS, or THE FUTURE OF INTELLIGENCE. By VERNON LEE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $1.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

THE diminutive volumes called "Today and Tomorrow Series" have varied considerable in value. The most notable were perhaps the four written by Mr. J. B. S. Haldane and Mr. Bertrand Russell. "Proteus, or The Future of Intelligence," by Miss Violet Paget whose nom-de-plume is Vernon Lee, is the latest of the series, and the interest of it lies more in definition than in prophecy.

Proteus is Reality. For what is so protean, so multiform, elusive, partly revealed and then escaping, so never twice the same? "Proteus in my mythology is the mysterious whole which we know must exist but know not how to discry." We are acquainted with appearances, but reality, the reality which is other than ourselves, forever flits away.

By intelligence Miss Paget means the faculty that always endeavors to attain some privileged intercourse with this reality. It is common sense, but something more than common sense, an impersonal and cultivated common sense. It is seeing things as they are, so far as may be, and thinking about them reasonably, in a world where such thinking is rare and such seeing never more than approximate.

In the sense in which I have been using the word, it is of amazingly recent growth. . . . The people of the past, superior though they may be in genius, wit, humor, and even wisdom, would strike us as decidedly stupid; for instance in their incapacity of thinking in terms of change. . . . Until the eighteenth century the only future which people thought about was the future in Heaven or Hell. . . . No interest was left over for any other after life, to wit, of unborn

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generations. . . . Our ancestors were [illegible] the past from realization of its reality [illegible] tends to think *sub specie aeternitatis*.

Intelligence is not the same as [illegible] It is more liable to mistakes than [illegible] other hand it is committed to nothing ashamed of revokes as its discovering [illegible] teus, is of transformations. It is [illegible] cause it is responsive. It follows after [illegible]

The faculty called intelligence was [illegible] born in Greece, but no people before [illegible] since have seemed to possess it in proportions [illegible] tively dominant. Other minds might be [illegible] or ninety nine one hundredths, composed of habit and emotion, but the Greek looked and reasoned. Relatively he was clear eyed and supple minded.

Professor Erskine, some time ago, wrote an article on "The Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent," a title that perhaps contained in itself the gist of the argument. It implied, as Miss Paget also seems to imply, that people can, if they try, be more intelligent than they are: that the effort to discard prejudice and be rid of muddled thinking and blundering bromidism, the persistent asking of ourselves, "But is it so? Is it so reality?" is not without reward. Intelligence, as the faculty however inadequate that most distinguishes human from other beings, is the faculty that biologically speaking is most likely to enlarge its domain. Historically speaking, Miss Paget thinks it has been doing so. Individually speaking, it is a comfort to know that one can be sensible, at least more sensible, if one tries.

Life and the Village

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOAT AND COMPASSES. By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. New York: Harper & Bros. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

TO his new novel Martin Armstrong has given the piquant title "At the Sign of the Goat and Compasses". It is an accurate title also, for the true subject of the book is Crome village, and "The Goat and Compasses", as Crome's only inn, was the center of village life. Furthermore the inn had been owned for generations by the Jordens, and Rose and Bella Jorden are two important characters in the story.

* * *

But none of the villagers is so important as the village itself. Mr. Armstrong merely weaves all their fortunes around his major pattern, which is the declining fortune of Crome. His method differs from that in most stories of village life. It differs from, let us say, the method in Jane Austen's "Emma" because its characters are singled or paired off separately instead of reacting interdependently in one organic plot. Again it differs from that in "Winesburg, Ohio" where each person has a chapter—or short-story—of his own, because Mr. Armstrong skips back and forth among his people, here taking them up and there putting them down. And superficially "At the Sign of the Goat and Compasses" is not realistic like "Emma" or "Winesburg, Ohio"; but that is precisely Mr. Armstrong's purpose—to reveal, beneath a tranquil idyllic surface, an intensity of groping human life.

* * *

Once a prosperous seaport Crome, now threatened with eventual destruction by the sea, has shrunk to the smallest of villages. But it is not too small to have its types of humanity; and as one might expect of Mr. Armstrong, its highly singular types. It has possibly no one so memorable as the Miss Millett or so touching as the Mrs. Barber of "The Bazaar," but one is not likely to forget Mrs. Dunk or Miss Furly. Miss Furly, a repressed old maid who imagines she is the widow of an unknown sailor washed ashore at Crome, and who becomes deranged to the point of saying so on the tombstone she buys for him, might almost serve, in addition to being a humorous and slightly pathetic woman, as a cruel burlesque on the old maids with imaginary love affairs that have been recorded by psychoanalysts.

New Worlds and Old

NO MORE PARADES. By FORD MADOX FORD. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1925. $2.50.

THE GREAT WORLD. By a Gentleman with a Duke. New York: Doran. 1925.

Reviewed by MARY M. COLUM

THESE two novels because of the sort of life they reveal are the outstanding English novels of the year that is just past: "The Great World" deals with a life that is completely over; "No More Parades," on the other hand, deals with a life so new that only those readers abreast with modern ideas can read it with pleasure. Unlike "The Great World" Mr. Ford's novel is not a thoroughly English book—it is not permeated with English ideals and traditions; it has, in fact, a sort of unconscious anti-English feeling in it as if it were the work of one of those aliens in the British Empire, Celt or Semite, who in their souls resent what England stands for.

"No More Parades" is probably the most highly praised novel of the year; in fact, one discovers from the more intellectual reviewers that it is a very remarkable book. The *Dial* reviewer gives us to understand that it is a great book; he seems to think that all Mr. Ford's novels are great books—they are written, we are told, "with integrity, probity, and a single violence of passion that makes them great." Both the *Tribune* and the *Times* reviewer pronounced the book the finest novel of the year. Anyhow, it is perfectly certain that if it had been written one, or two, or three decades ago, or at any time since novels began to be written, few if any

Illustration, by M. Fischerova-Kvechova, for "Folk-Songs of Bohemia" (Szalatnay)

would have read it. All our intellectuals are reading it now. Indeed I expect that our young intellectual novelists will be heavily influenced by it or will attempt to imitate a whole-cloth imitation of it. At the beginning of a new year it is worth considering why a book like "No More Parades" gets this amount of attention.

It gets attention for exactly the same reason that the work of T. S. Eliot gets attention, and, in a lesser degree, that the work of the new *Dial* prize-winner, E. E. Cummings, who that journal editorially informs us is a great poet. The *Dial* does not explain to us why it considers Mr. Cummings a great poet, nor does its reviewer tell us why he considers Mr. Ford a great novelist. But this is the reason: Mr. Ford, Mr. Cummings, and several other writers of the newer order express, nimbly and accurately, in carefully developed and individual style, certain attitudes of mind, certain sensations, certain emotions, and, above all, certain observations of this generation. Mr. Ford is, of course, a much more important writer than Mr. Cummings. They both, however, give expression to a certain rampant and disillusioned intellectualism which is the fashionable literary attitude of the moment.

That readers should like a writer because he expresses them or something which interests them is understandable enough; this sort of judgment has indeed a certain relation to literary criticism, but it must be considered as relative to other merits. It is the sheerest nonsense to call a writer great because he expresses some facet or some neuroticism of his own generation. For example, I believe that T. S. Eliot expresses a part of me a great deal better than does John Keats or Robert Browning. But I am not for that reason under the delusion that Mr. Eliot is as great as Keats or Browning, or that he is a great poet at all—an excellent poet of sorts he is. An excellent novelist of sorts is Mr. Ford Madox Ford, but neither of them have the stamina, or the passion, or the hard grip on their material of the great writers; they have not added anything to the experience of the race that is going to make them live in the memory of the race, and, if we are to have any sort of genuine criticism, the indiscriminate calling of such writers great or immortal must be stopped.

An immortal writer is a writer who expresses something immortal; a great writer is a writer who expresses something great—it may be something overwhelmingly great, or it may be simply a strong, fleeting intensity. The expression of fleeting intensities, or even fleeting whimsicalities has often innate in them, if not an immortal flame, at least an immortal spark, and so they, too, live with the greater expressions in the mind of man. Having made my protest against the calling of such books "great"—and such a protest is, perhaps, the most necessary act of criticism at the present time, let me state that "No More Parades" is an excellent book and worth every intelligent man's or woman's reading once. It has the integrity and the probity which the *Dial* reviewer credits it with; it has not, however, "the single violence of passion"—it has not, in fact, passion at all; passion is exactly the quality lacking in such books. It has little emotion; it is life portrayed through thin emotions but distinguished intellect—a life where people observe rather than feel things. What intensity it has is nervous and intellectual intensity. It is an outstanding characteristic of such books that they are written out of the nerves and intellect.

The two chief characters, Sylvia and Christopher Tietjens, similarly, are created out of the nerves and intellect, and so have the curious reality and unreality of such creations. The scene of the novel is a base-camp behind the lines in France during the war; naturally we do not get the emotional reactions of people to the war—we get their nervous reactions to minor phases of it. Readers of what are called very modern books will have noticed that in them great stress is laid on such facets of life as have, up to the present, been omitted altogether in literature or relegated to a minor position. This is due to the influence of the discoveries of psychoanalysis which show that more or less hidden, and sometimes superficial desires, play an unsuspected rôle in the nervous make-up of individuals. When such forces are brought out and made play the chief rôles the total effect is of patent unreality. In the older English novels such forces had no part to play. For instance, in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," Tess is shown acting under powerfully moving influences, in powerfully significant situations, while in a book like "No More Parades" Sylvia Tietjens's character is shown in insignificant circumstances under the sway of neurotic emotions. Her chief desire with regard to her husband is to torture him with infidelities and cruelties. As she sits in a hotel lobby with a man who has been her lover she sees in a mirror her husband enter and hand a card to the hotel servant; she watches his lips moving as he asks for her, sees him see her sitting there. The description of this scene is a triumph of nervous observation. We have all through the book triumphs of nervous observation, but we have no triumphs of emotional revelation; neither Sylvia nor her husband are strongly alive because their creator had not in himself a vital life to give them. He tries to make of Christopher an intellectual, a chivalrous gentleman following public school ethics and the Arnold of Rugby code of honor; what he actually turns out to be is a sort of Sissy without strong emotions, a man who tries to be unfaithful to his wife but cannot succeed. We are told that he won't hit another man before his wife, Sylvia, but he permits his brother to write scurrilous letters about her.

From the reports in the newspapers of recent English society scandals it would appear as if "No More Parades" was a fair account of "one half Rome." But for the other half we turn to "The Great World." In contrast to "No More Parades" this book gives us a life where people feel but do not observe very much. It is not as well worth reading as "No More Parades," but it gives a highly authentic picture of the sort of English gentlemen who did really swallow public school ethics and Arnold of Rugby. They made themselves, perhaps, rather stodgy and insular in the process, but they also made themselves complete aristocrats. "The Great World" is really a sort of history, and nothing could be better than the presentation and contrast of the three Dukes of Stretton—the first two being country gentlemen

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who lived for their estates and did the best they could for man and beast thereon; the last a young gentleman of the newer order with an adventurous interest in socialism. It is a highly intelligent and even witty and satirical book, but its great value is in the fact that it is a chronicle of the life of an English aristocrat before the war—a life that, as we know, is over for ever. And it is written about in a narrative style that is also over. None of our young writers is going to imitate it, but I should not be at all surprised if in its own excellent, stodgy, and limited way, it had a considerable lease of life.

The Moscow Theatre

INSIDE THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE. By OLIVER M. SAYLER. New York: Brentano's. 1925. $4.

PLAYS OF THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE MUSICAL STUDIO. ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS FROM THE RUSSIAN. By GEORGE S. AND GILBERT SELDES, with Introductions by OLIVER M. SAYLER. The same. $3.00.

Reviewed by John Mason Brown
Theatre Arts Monthly

WHEN Oliver M. Sayler wrote "The Russian Theatre under the Revolution" seven years ago, he wrote with all the contagious excitement of a discoverer. As dramatic editor of the *Indianapolis News*, he had dreamed of the Russian theatre for years before he visited Moscow. When he at last reached Russia, after the difficulties of entering it through the back door of Siberia (because Europe was war-ridden), he found himself in the midst of the first revolution. He was on the scene to write of what happened to the theatre in those perilous days, but his nearness to the theatre under the revolution was not half as important as his presence in Moscow, where he could study the scheme and happenings of the leading Russian stages. The book that resulted throbbed with the joint exultation of a reporter making an important "scoop," and a critic finding an ideal undimmed even when standing before it. It was an important book in many ways. It gave America the best account of the Moscow Art Theatre's working methods and the most complete summary of the contemporary Russian stage that had been written. It gave to Mr. Sayler the sole rights to the Russian theatre as literary material, and prepared the way for the visit of Stanislavsky. For it must be remembered that no one (not even Morris Gest or Otto Kahn) was more influential than Mr. Sayler in paving the way for the two successful visits of the Moscow Art Theatre.

If Mr. Sayler did this quite indirectly and quite unconsciously in "The Russian Theatre under the Revolution," he paves the way for the present visit of the Musical Studio quite directly and quite consciously in "Inside the Moscow Art Theatre." As the Musical Studio is an outgrowth of the last five years, Mr. Sayler presents the instructive administrative changes in the Art Theatre which have occurred since his first visit to Russia, and which have made the many recent activities of the parent theatre possible. For one thing, a highly centralized dictatorship has supplanted the former cooperative management. Though Stanislavsky's company is still intact, playing its old repertory, the Art Theatre has not come to a stand-still. The First Studio has "grown up," and Mihail Chekov has presented Moscow with a "Hamlet" "modern" in other respects than in its clothes. But above all the Art Theatre has kept pace with the current tendencies of the Russian stage by the development of the Musical Studio under the spirited direction of Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko has aimed at the "synthetic theatre," where "the singing actor" and the director combine to rid "musical-dramatic expression of its rubber stamp, stencils, and bad taste," and introduce "into the field of lyric drama an atmosphere of genuine art and, first of all, the art of the actor." As Mr. Sayler points out this "lyric expression of the Moscow Art Theatre is a tacit admission that realism in Russia, too, has about reached the end of its tether."

When he is bringing his record up-to-date, or giving the history of music drama as a form, Mr. Sayler is at his best. But when he comes to the detailed chapter on the Musical Studio's repertory he slips into a bewildering enthusiasm which knows no shadings and expresses itself largely in superlatives. The facts behind the adjectives are certainly worthy of attention, however, for Mr. Sayler traces the growth of the idea through the actual repertory. He shows how "timid and cautious" was the first experiment with "The Daughter of Madame Angot," and carries the development in boldness and technique through "La Perichole" to "Lyistrata," "Love and Death," and finally the truly significant production of "Carmencita and the Soldier." So long as he interests, and he does through almost all of his two hundred and thirty odd pages, it doubtless matters little in a temporary and topical book of this kind whether or not his style is loose and journalistic and whether the critic gives place to the reporter. Mr. Sayler has prepared the way again, and explained many things which it is necessary to know if the work of the Musical Studio is to be rightly understood. One cannot but wonder, however, if "Inside the Moscow Art Theatre" would not have been more effective if Mr. Sayler had stood by his original intention and made of it "a modest monograph" instead of "a full length book."

The art of writing librettos is not yet, unfortunately, among the seven lively arts, and even the the names of George S. and Gilbert Seldes cannot make of their collection of the plays of the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio more than a necessary evil. The translations of "Lysistrata," "The Daughter of Madame Angot," "La Perichola," and "Love and Death" though clear have little interest aside from the operas they explain. Lipskerov's bold rearrangement of "Carmencita and the Soldier," however, has a distinct interest of its own, in spite of the impotency of the English translation of its verse.

Naturalist and Essayist

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN BURROUGHS. By CLARA BARRUS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 2 vols. 1925. $12.50.

Reviewed by Norman Foerster
University of North Carolina.

DR. BARRUS . . . . A very keen, appreciative mind, of more ready service to me than any woman I ever met. Would like to write my life. I should like her to do it, if it is ever done—have named her my literary executor—the most companionable woman I have yet met in this world—reads and delights in the same books I do—a sort of feminine counterpart of myself." Thus reads an entry in the journal of John Burroughs about the time of their first meeting, in his sixty-fifth year. For the twenty years that followed they were closely associated. Dr. Barrus "typed" virtually all his magazine articles and the last fourteen of his books; making herself his Boswell, she noted his talk,—often, when others were present, *verbatim;* and she collected letters, memoranda, and other biographical material until they "proved an embarrassment of riches, heavily taxing one's powers of selection." The result is a biography of 900 well-filled pages. "Knowing him well, revering him, and believing him worthy of immortal regard," she has prepared a meticulous record of her hero's thoughts and actions, including details as to his earnings as an author and the minutiæ of his housekeeping. The first volume, which carries the leisurely story to his sixty-fifth year, reads well enough; but it is to be feared that only those who believe Burroughs "worthy of immortal regard" will survive the second volume, which begins with his sixty-fifth year and tends to oscillate monotonously between small events and large honors.

The main explanation of this glaring disproportion is doubtless the biographer's association with Burroughs during his old age alone. But the explanation is not an excuse, partly because Dr. Barrus had ample materials for his early life (if one may use the phrase for a span of sixty-four years), and partly because the best of Burroughs does not appear in his old age. In the years of the great war, for example, this inveterate rationalist quite fails to honor himself or mankind; responding in 100 per cent fashion to the wave of feeling that swept the country, he displayed a reaction to the war, its causes and issues, that cannot be termed rational, perhaps not even intelligent. His rationalism proved to be far weaker than his emotionalism, a fact which throws, I think, a significant light on his career as a whole.

Burroughs's career may be roughly divided at 1900, the year, as it happens, with which the second volume of this biography opens. That is the year of "The Light of Day" (of which a Methodist clergyman said that "it begins in twilight, and ends in darkness"). The book is a belated contribution to the evolution controversy that raged in the '70s and '80s; the light of the day is reason, the scientific reason, which dominated Burroughs persistently, if not steadily, for the rest of his life. In most of the fifteen volumes that follow this book, he appears in the rôle of an unimportant scientist and scientific sage, widely read, to be sure, but essentially commonplace. His special capacity did not lie in this field, any more than it lay in literary criticism, which he attempted occasionally throughout his career. His distinction was not intellectual, æsthetic, or religious: it was poetic. It was poetic sensibility to nature, harmonized with close observation of nature. It is this Burroughs who flourished in the three decades preceding the year 1900. It is "John o' Birds" who is the noteworthy John, and neither "St. John the Divine" nor "St. John the Human."

More important than anything Burroughs published after 1900 is his first nature book, "Wake Robin," so named by his friend Walt Whitman despite the fact that it is a book of essays on birds.

Here is the really memorable Burroughs, who could carry his readers—even scientific readers like Coues—into the breathing life of the woods and fields and render the various language which Nature speaks so faithfully that (as Arnold said of Wordsworth) she herself seems to take the pen.

What influence was it that deflected Burroughs from the poetic vein that dominated this first nature book and gradually waned? The main influence was, I think, curiously enough, that of Walt Whitman, with whom he was associated, often intimately, from the autumn of 1863 to the death of Whitman in 1892. Writing to a friend in 1866, he said: "I think I have had my say about the birds, for the present, at least. Sometime I may make a book of these, and other articles, but am in no hurry." He was indeed in no hurry; it was five years before "Wake-Robin" appeared. And he was in no hurry, as Dr. Barrus rightly infers, "because of the great Whitman planet that had swum into his ken," though Dr. Barrus does not indicate the full influence of that planet. At the time when he said he had had his say about the birds, he was engaged on a book about Walt Whitman (half of which was Whitman's own work), which appeared in 1867; and his last book in the nineteenth century was to be another book on Whitman, published in 1896. Through all these years (before Darwin and Bergson mastered him) he was an eager disciple of Whitman, who transformed him gradually into a sage and prophet. Whitman, giving him the "cosmos," made birds seem very small game. Instead of the unconscious poetry that suffused his early work, Burroughs offered, in increasing quantities, meditations on the perfection of the universe. Although these meditations in his later years were filled with the scientific and rationalistic mood of the age, they continued to be filled also with the special kind of optimism that permeates the work of Whitman. He sought to reconcile Whitman and Darwin; but time will adjudge him a better writer, I suspect, in the days of his enthusiasm for Audubon.

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Byron Minus Byronism

THE PILGRIM OF ETERNITY. Byron's Conflict. By John Drinkwater. New York: The George H. Doran Company. [illegible]

Reviewed by Samuel C. Chew
Bryn Mawr College

SOME time ago it was my pleasant task to review in these columns the new edition of Miss E. C. Mayne's biography of Byron which I commended as the best that has been written. Since then Mr. Drinkwater's book has appeared and in the light of this new biography it may be necessary to reconsider my opinion though I am not sure that that opinion will not continue to stand. For the moment one is somewhat dazzled by the brilliance of Mr. Drinkwater's portrait, the persuasiveness of his method, the sympathy with his subject, and the remarkable energy and artistry which he has employed in the making of his book. And it may be said at once that had he managed to preserve throughout his narrative the admirably impartial and judicious tone of his opening chapters, I should be inclined to revise my judgment and declare that this latest of Byron-biographies is also the best. The story of Byron's life has generally unfolded itself, as Mr. Drinkwater remarks, in a heated and unwholesome atmosphere of anger, violent prejudice, and even flagrant disregard of those facts which are not in harmony with a previously conceived opinion and point of view. As a prefatory instance of such controversies Mr. Drinkwater narrates the dispute between Hobhouse and Dallas over the right to publish certain Byron letters; and having given this and other examples of the Byronic "atmosphere" he sets about his own task with the firm resolve neither to extenuate nor to set down in malice. There is not a malicious word in his book, but there is a good deal of extenuation.

Mr. Drinkwater neither evades nor glosses over the notorious "problem" which, thanks to the late Lord Lovelace, every honest writer on this subject is bound to face. Rightly holding that "the one impossible attitude to take up about the question is that it does not matter," he undertakes to examine all the evidence at the outset, thereafter relegating the problem to the background of his story. There it remains, a somber shadow. There can be no doubt of Mr. Drinkwater's candor or of his desire to weigh and sift the evidence in accord with strict justice; but his ardent admiration of Byron causes him to underestimate the significance of certain allusions in the recently published letters to Lady Melbourne. Moreover he rejects somewhat too arrogantly the results obtained by those scholars who have examined the "internal evidence" of Byron's poems. "Byron's poetry," writes Mr. Drinkwater, "is inexhaustible in its revelation of the man, but it is discreditable and misleading to pervert it from that function to the uses of police-court evidence." I fail to follow his reasoning here. If the poetry's "revelation of the man" leads to the "police-court" (I am far from admitting that it does), the blame attaches to the poetry and to the man, not to the detective who follows the trail of the evidence. In any case it is not in "Manfred" or any other poem that the evidence is to be found that makes Byron's guilt almost a moral certainty. Mr. Drinkwater never admits this moral certainty, preferring to rest upon the safe technical ground that the evidence is not sufficient to secure a conviction in a court of law. The conclusion reached after his examination of the baffling and insoluble contradictions in the case is that the verdict must be "Not proven." Apparently satisfied with this conclusion he then sets out upon the narrative of Byron's pilgrimage through life, without realizing that the lack of a definite verdict one way or the other vitiates to a serious extent the validity of his portrait. For he undertakes to treat Byron as a normal man while leaving this shadow of abnormal crime hanging above his head. Moreover, whether we consider a second question in connection with the "Astarte" problem or no, no portrait of Byron is complete which absolutely ignores the problem of his sanity. The near alliance of great wits to madness is proverbial though doubtless in many cases as false as are many proverbs. But there is too much direct evidence in Byron's case and of late years the discussion has been too widespread to warrant any biographer in remaining silent as does Mr. Drinkwater. The once-famous "Thyrza" mystery and a long trail of distorted rumor that has [illegible] suggest another line of inquiry which Mr. Drinkwater has shut his eyes to. One can sympathize with his reluctance to assume the office of the amateur pathologist and yet insist that that office [illegible] upon the biographer of Byron.

It is therefore necessary to repeat what I wrote [illegible] reviewing Miss Mayne's book that the final and definitive biography of Byron is not yet written. The remarks in the above paragraph will support that statement in so far as any such claim may be advanced for Mr. Drinkwater's book. And he has left other *lacunæ* in his narrative involving various minor mysteries. He makes no mention of the letters to "L" which, published in 1872 and promptly suppressed, have never again seen the light though good judges consider them authentic. It is possible that the meeting with Mrs. Spencer Smith in Malta was not so simple an episode in Byron's life as is general supposed. Until the researches of Mr. H. Nelson Gay of Rome are published the story of Byron's connection with the Italian revolutionists and of the police *surveillance* to which he was subjected cannot be fully told. And there remains the problem of the present whereabouts and destiny of the many letters in Italian which the poet wrote during his nine years' sojourn in Italy. Very few of these have been published. A collection of them was, I believe, hawked about among the London publishers some years ago; but the price demanded for them was so high that to this day they remain in manuscript.

* * *

To turn from what Mr. Drinkwater omits to what he has accomplished. He has endeavored to keep clear of the old romantic notions of his subject. "The Byron of popular fallacy," he wittily remarks, "moves in a convention of red fire and trap-doors to musical reminiscences of pale hands I loved." Without attempting to account for the significant fact that the poet was himself largely responsible for this absurd caricature, Mr. Drinkwater removes the rubbish of romanticism and attempts to portray Byron the man uninfluenced by the stale errors of "Byronism." In large measure he is successful in this attempt; but, when all admissions of vulgarity and theatricality have been made, his figure of Byron is placed always in the most favorable light. When contemporary testimony is out of accord with his interpretation he brushes that testimony aside. Mr. Drinkwater, for example, minimizes the debauchery of the Venetian years, though Shelley's record is to the contrary. His narrative of the Greek expedition does not fit in with Trelawny's testimony. In both cases the contemporary witnesses are discredited on one ground or another. In general, however, Mr. Drinkwater's views carry conviction. Especially to be commended is his acceptance of Mr. Edgcumbe's explanation of the notorious case of the unopened letter from Shelley to Hoppner, found among Byron's papers after his death. It will be remembered that quite recently this wretched tale, based on pure assumption, has been revived in M. Maurois's "Ariel." It is interesting to compare Mr. Drinkwater's account of the poet's meetings with Lady Blessington with Mr. Harold Nicolson's narrative of the same episode; and equally illuminating is the contrast of the Drinkwater and Nicolson version of the last phase in Greece. Gradually, out of squalor, disorder, and incapacity, Mr. Nicolson suffers tragedy to emerge. In Mr. Drinkwater's narrative Byron is the heroic leader always. It must be said that the latter view is nearer the truth.

In a series of exquisitely accomplished sketches Mr. Drinkwater sets before us the curiously assorted group of men and women whose fates were intertwined with Byron's. Equally well accomplished are his remarks on Byron's poetry. He seldom permits himself to be involved in details of literary criticism; but the salient characteristics of the poet's achievement are firmly indicated, with wit, point, and apt illustration. And he has demonstrated that no one can write satisfactorily about a poet's life without setting in the very midst thereof the central fact of that life—his poetry.

The illustrations are excellent and are not staled by familiarity. The publishers go too far, however, when they state that "many of the photographs and sketches in this volume have not appeared in print." The frontispiece by Harlow is not so nearly unknown as Mr. Drinkwater thinks. It is a pity that he did not know of the existence of a far more beautiful drawing by Harlow which has never yet been published.

H. L. M.

THE MAN MENCKEN. By Isaac Goldberg. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1925. $4.

Reviewed by Ernest Sutherland Bates

THE present literary cult of biography which began so auspiciously with Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria" now seems destined to degenerate into a mania for mere personal gossip. The disease appeared in a mild form in "Ariel," it became virulent in "The Glorious Apollo," and it now rages beyond medical hope in "The Man Mencken." Dr. Goldberg, author of two admirably perspicacious books on Spanish-American and Brazilian literature, seems to have been driven mad by the supposed magnitude of his present task. He can handle a dozen South Americans with ease, but Mr. Mencken is too much for him. He paws over his subject like the traditional blind man trying to find out the nature of the elephant. Then, becoming elephantine himself, he tracks down the light personal jests of the Nathan-Mencken "Owen Hatteras" to their basis of sad reality. Page after page is devoted to informing us that Mr. Mencken is meticulous in the care of his teeth, that he wears B. V. D.s, that he takes a cold bath every day, that he shaves every morning, with a Gillette safety razor, that he prefers Pullmans to day-coaches, etc., etc. Doubtless most of these alleged facts are true, but just wherein do they differentiate "the Man Mencken" from the rest of the human race? The one idiosyncratic trait ascribed to him, his cannibalistic tendency—"he eats and enjoys all varieties of human food"—is, unfortunately open to suspicion, unless interpreted in a metaphorical sense.

The same overly conscientious minuteness appears in the elaborate treatment of Mr. Mencken's ancestry, his boyhood, and his editorial and journalistic career. To be sure, if one mentions every fact in a man's life, he is certain, sooner or later, to hit upon something interesting. The influence of Huxley and Kipling upon the youthful Mencken, the latter's interest in music, his exacerbating experiences during the war, his collaboration with Nathan and their joint exploitation of the yokelry in *The Parisienne* and *Saucy Stories*—all these matters as related by Dr. Goldberg contain numerous grains of wheat which, if separated from the surrounding chaff, might have sprouted into something valuable. But for Dr. Goldberg, all items of information concerning Mr. Mencken seem to stand on the same stupendous level of importance. Every mole-hill looks like a mountain. Beneath this democratic eqality of insignificant facts, the individuality of America's foremost individualist is almost totally submerged.

* * *

In justice to Dr. Goldberg it should be admitted that his task was not a particularly easy one. The relatively uneventful life of his hero does not lend itself to ready-made biography. It is Mr. Mencken's inner life that is of interest: the formation and development of his ideas. Here Dr. Goldberg is content, like the majority of hasty readers, to consider Mr. Mencken as an ultra-modern. In reality, however, Mr. Mencken's mind is almost wholly of eighteenth century cast. His dislike of mysticism, his distrust of democracy, his denial of romance, his disdain of *wanderlust*, coupled with his assertion of individual liberty, his worldiness, his genius for satire and epigram, his rationalism, his polemical attitude on every conceivable subject mark him as a contemporary of Voltaire, Pope, and Defoe. As a critic of eighteenth century forms in contemporary literature, the novel and the essay, Mr. Mencken is wisdom itself; as a critic of poetry his voice is the voice of folly. It is, of course, quite possible that the twentieth century, as it proceeds, may swing back toward the prosaic sanity of the eighteenth. But at present it is occupied with stirring the dregs of nineteenth century poetic irrationalism. Mr. Mencken has been outwardly defeated on every issue. Nationalism, militarism, prohibition, boosting, and boobery are in the saddle. The only triumphs of rationalism that are today possible are the inward triumphs of personal integrity, scorn of stupidity, Promethean contempt for power devoid of intelligence. It is fully as likely that Mr. Mencken will be known to history as the last defender of the lost cause of liberty in America as that he will be recognized as the prophet of an incoming era. But in either case his significance passes beyond the reach of Dr. Goldberg's personal flatteries which degrade him to the level of the latest moving picture actress.

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Mr. Murry on Keats

KEATS AND SHAKESPEARE. By J. Middleton Murry. New York: Oxford University Press. 1925. $4.75.

Reviewed by Arnold Whitridge

IT MIGHT seem that after Amy Lowell's monumental biography there was nothing more to be said about Keats. Probably as far as the actual life is concerned there is no more to be said, but it does not lie within the power of man or woman to say the last word about Keats's poetry.

In the volume before us Mr. Middleton Murry has taken Matthew Arnold's phrase, "He is with Shakespeare," which Arnold expressly limited to the magic of Keats's language, and by expanding it he has attempted to show the essential similarity of Shakespeare's and Keats's genius. As may be inferred from the title Mr. Murry is a lover of Keats, and like all true lovers, whenever the perfect one is under discussion, he is impatient of anything less than headlong admiration. "Keats and Shakespeare are alike," says Mr. Murry, "because they are both pure poets, and pure poetry consists in the power so to express a perception that it appears at the same time to reveal a new aspect of beauty and a new aspect of truth." Whether we agree with the author or not we must admit that he has boldly grasped the bull by the horns. He makes his way at the very outset to the best known, most characteristic, and the most difficult lines in Keats's poetry:

> Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
> Ye know on earth and all ye need to know.

That capacity to see and to feel what life is was something possessed to the full by Keats and Shakespeare alone. If we understand Mr. Murry rightly that is the conclusion at which he wishes us to arrive. Keats and Shakespeare were alike in that being poets they were more complete than other men. George Moore's anthology, "Pure Poetry," suggests a very different definition but for the present let us accept this more exalted conception—"the pure poet submits himself steadily, persistently, and unflinchingly to life."

[illegible] the comparison is launched Shakespeare is [illegible], and Mr. Murry confines his attention to [illegible] Literary criticism under any conditions is a [illegible] business; the sheer understanding of great poetry, let alone the judgment of it, requires an agile imagination, but the author of this volume is not content with understanding or appreciation. Without attempting any objective study of the poems he has undertaken "to elucidate the deep and natural movement of the poet's soul which underlies them." It may well be asked whether we know enough about any man's soul to discuss its natural movement as confidently as does Mr. Murry. He threads his way through Keat's subconscious self without a shadow of diffidence. The result will disappoint those readers who expect startlingly original revelations. He finds, as many a critic has found before, that there is the closest relation between a man's poetry and the facts of his life.

In the first "Hyperion," for instance, he identifies Keats himself with Apollo, explaining the fragmentary character of the poem by the fact that it was written to afford some relief from the pain of contemplating the suffering of his dying brother. With the death of Tom Keats the poem automatically came to an end. Again, into the great Odes Mr. Murry reads the yearning of Keats for the love of Fanny Brawne. No one can refute his opinion, but after all is that yearning the dominant thing? Can we believe that the greatest lyric poems of the language were inspired by the "arch voice of the suburban belle?" Surely it is just as likely that the very opposite is true; that Keats only rose to the heights when he escaped from her influence, and that when Fanny Brawne is uppermost in his mind instead of the "Ode to a Nightingale" we get that travesty of himself that *Blackwood's* and the *Quarterly* seized upon as the real man.

* * *

Once this idea of autobiography in poetry gets hold of a critic it gives him no peace. It sounds so plausible, and yet, given the same data, no two critics arrive at the same conclusion. Amy Lowell, who certainly had at her command all available information on the life of Keats, finds "Hyperion" a failure, "not because it is not good, but because it is not honest." Mr. Middleton Murry maintains that the whole value of the poem lies in "the utter fidelity of Keats to his own experience." There is of course nothing surprising in this disagreement. For the last three hundred years scholars have been quarreling about the sincerity of Shakespeare's Sonnets. The question is, does it matter? Having decided with Wordsworth that "with this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart" are we any nearer to an understanding or an appreciation of the Sonnets? Or suppose we agree with Mr. Murry that "Lamia" is "imaginative autobiography of the most exact and faithful kind," although Amy Lowell thinks it is nothing of the sort, are we any nearer to the poem itself?

* * *

No one will deny Mr. Murry's resourcefulness, his courage in pushing out beyond the old frontiers of literary criticism, but there is a danger in concentrating too much attention upon a poet's soul. Before long we lose sight of the poetry altogether and the study of poetry becomes a mere province of psychology. Mr. Murry seems to us unreasonably impatient of any method of criticism other than his own. He virtually tells us that we must take Fanny Brawne with the Odes or he will not let us have the Odes at all. Not only must we not judge Keats, but we must definitely surrender our judgment when we get within his vicinity. That was the attitude of the nineteenth century about Shakespeare: "Others abide our question, Thou art free." Keats and Shakespeare being "complete" men and therefore "pure" poets must be accepted *en bloc*. "Let us make up our minds" says the author, "that we will accept genius as a whole, whatever effort and whatever pain it may cost us." Surely the trend of criticism is all the other way. For better or worse even Shakespeare has to submit to our questioning. "Hamlet" is played in modern dress in order that the layman may judge for himself whether Shakespeare is as universal and timeless as the scholars have been telling him. If we are prepared to separate the wheat from the tares in Shakespeare there is no valid reason for keeping Keats sacroscant. Mr. Murry considers criticism of Keats paramount to condescension, but the man who loves poetry cannot help asking why he loves it, and as soon as that question is asked the business of criticism has inevitably begun.

Shaped Fire

TWO LIVES. By William Ellery Leonard. New York: B. W. Huebsch-Viking Press. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by G. R. Elliott
Amherst College

ON personal grounds the author would not at first allow this poem to be printed except "as manuscript" for his friends, in a few dozen copies. These circulated widely, however, in America and Europe, attracting the interest of critics so various as H. L. Mencken, Professor Bliss Perry, Floyd Dell, Professor C. H. Herford, Van Wyck Brooks, Professor Otto Jesperson, and so on. In its private form the work has been glanced at circumspectly in several periodicals, including *The Saturday Review* (Nov. 28, 1925). It is now publicly issued in England and America, with some additions. It is a sequence of 214 swift and varied sonnets constituting, without doubt, a great American narrative poem. It has in it something of the best of the present and the past: it throbs with the continuous life-blood of our poetry. It has also plenty of failings—which may easily be overemphasized by traditionalists who find the viewpoint too radical, and by "contemporaneans" who find the form too conservative. But on the whole it is a work of distinguished genius that has reached, with the aid of long poetic tradition, the summit of contemporary realism.

Based on a terrible crisis in the author's own life, the poem is "realistic" with a vengeance. But it is also magnanimous. The poet has mastered his bitter experience and risen above it. He writes with a constant fire of mind that shapes all his moods into one glowing structure of art. Flashes of fine lyric ecstasy are followed by penetrating analyses of cause and motive; sombre facts of circumstance and desire are developed in scenes of mellow loveliness; grim, sardonic humor alternates with yearning tenderness or ethical meditation. But the whole is a single stately music. It grows steadily upon the reader from the first until the last line.

A sense of cosmic fate arises at the very beginning, where the two lives, man and girl, approach each other. Each had been starved of love: each seems destined and yet dangerous for the other. The man (who narrates the story) has a youth of grim poverty and struggle behind him in the East, and visions of poetry ahead in the West. He gets a position as college teacher in a western capitol city, where his life begins to warm and expand. The place combines for him the eager activity of the West, the charm of "shimmering Indian lake and hill," and the stately beauty of "the world's white cities famous far away." He rejoices in a rented attic room in one of the town's finest mansions. It is owned by a stoical old gentleman, former soldier and statesman, now failing in health and devoted to economy.

> Wild tales of that white house were whispered me
> Across the neighbor's fence. An old dame said:
> "A beautiful mother paced, with bended head
> And fingers, muttering monotony,
> That porch in other days, and seemed to see
> Only the squirrels burying nuts and bread,
> Which over the rail she tossed them fitfully. . . .

Of such parentage is the girl of the story. She lives now alone with her father, absorbed in housework and craving fuller scope for an ardent nature. She and the lonely scholar-poet are enmeshed by love, inevitably. The extent of her inherited insanity (concealed, from mixed motives, by relatives and friends) is only gradually revealed to him. Pity and fear weave themselves darkly into the rich new fabric of his life. In the highest gaiety of the honeymoon, while the two are watching at Niagara

> The Sun's great waters flash and fall and bound
> (I thinking what ten thousand years had done
> And, mid my love, yet hearing still their sound)

a dreadful premonition arises from "that charmed brink," from "the gliding shimmer of that green downward curve."

By inherited tendency death is for the girl "a shining lure." Yet she thrills with the joy and beauty of life. She is one of the most entrancing creations of English poetry. The poet blends in her, magically, the different charms of her western neighborhood. Her loveliness is at once wild and homely. As house-mistress she has sometimes "vagrant fancies wild," sometimes "shifts a happy homing enterprise." In company, she moves with a shy grace among her beloved household objects. Alone, her song has a yearning fitfulness:

> I listened. . . It grew fainter. . . It arose
> Higher within the haunted house somewhere,—
> Until, O clear on that September air,
> From out my attic window forth it flows—
> An old French folksong of the outre-mer. . .

And she is lithe and eager for out-of-doors. During a visit to the sea-coast:

> One sunrise, I remember, as I woke
> I missed her; and I followed down a path
> Below the cliffs; there off a little beach
> I spied her, as the mists about her broke
> (Her love and laughter just beyond my reach),
> There in the salt-sea billows at her bath.

In her new love she is "a thirsting wild thing at a forest brook," But her old attachments relax not a whit. She and her husband must live in the white "haunted house" with the father. The girl is more and more perplexed between the opposing claims and temperaments of the two men she loves:

> No twofold engine of outrageous hate
> Had been so mad, so merciless a fate!

Grotesque and sordid details play tragically into the situation. The father's economy floods the house with noisy, gossiping roomers. Chattering advice of neighbors and friends increases the girl's confusion. Her doctor makes fateful errors. "Man blunders with her being to the last." The very source of her peculiar loveliness becomes a means of her destruction:

> She lacked—O terrible beauty of her fate—
> Uncannily all power to doubt or hate.

She blames herself for all troubles and broods on these, "Filled with herself though selfless in her love." She senses and exaggerates her husband's bondage, and aims to set him free for his life-work. This idea becomes so fixed that it is only intensified by the death of her father. The husband is now arranging a change of residence and a new mode of life for both:

> The haunted house should be our house no more,
> And ours no more those waters of distress!
> The lakes about our City they were Four—
> And one most lovely in its loneliness,
> With sunrise, like a prophet, on its shore!

But she, in a black moment, brings about her own death—after stripping from her finger her wedding-ring, "In some wild thought it was no more her own."

Part Three shows the rebuilding of the man's shattered life. He struggles with the ghoulish terrors of nervous collapse; the slanders of a commu-

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nity anxious to unload its own share of [illegible] bility upon the stranger, and above all [illegible] and remorse. He grasps at every [illegible] of help, from baseball games all the [illegible] traditional peace of religion. The [illegible] though his "utmost soul" is

> Ready for God, still as a leaf grown sere
> After the tempest on a shivered stalk

He also waives (unlike so many "realists") the current palliatives of the scientific and humanitarian imagination. The blackest contours of the disaster become in retrospect no less but more distinct; he "suffers her suffering even as she lay prone." However, he has the "savior-energy of sportsmanship," grips again his part in the amazing human game, and learns mystically his share of "the Will that suffers, conquers, sings." The strength and beauty of the human mind shaping its way through an undisguised chaos—this is what Mr. Leonard succeeds extraordinarily in conveying. If in the middle of the poem the reader is shaken and harrowed, at the end he finds himself lifted, stilled, spiritually renewed.

Stories Old and New

NOTES AND ANECDOTES OF MANY YEARS. By JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

DRAWING upon a varied experience and a rich memory, Mr. Bishop has brought out a collection of anecdotes and comment which are at once entertaining and illuminating. Not all the stories he has assembled are amusing; some of them are intended to reveal an important characteristic of the man to whom they refer. This is true particularly of the anecdotes related of General Goethals and having to do with his digging of the Panama Canal, although a goodly number of even these have an infusion of humor.

One of the best stories of the lot is utterly lacking in serious purpose. Sir James Barrie, during his visit to this country in the early days of the World War, was a guest at a dinner at which a lively dispute arose concerning a man of international reputation. One of the guests assailed the man's character violently. The others defended him, taking the line that while he might have made mistakes, he was a fine fellow nevertheless. When there came a lull in the wrangle, Barrie, who had apparently been paying no attention to it, without looking up from his plate remarked in a low voice: "He was an infernal scoundrel, but 'twas his only fault."

A drop of acid touches some of these anecdotes, with the usual excellent effect. Mr. Bishop was with William Winter at one of Beerbohm Tree's melodramatic performances of "Hamlet." When the meloncholy Dane, dying in the glare of the spotlight, declaimed, "The rest is silence," Winter ejaculated: "Thank God!" Another anecdote of Winter is of a very different kind. Walking up to Bishop's desk one day in the *Tribune* office, he held out in the palm of his hand a small watch. "That watch," he explained, "was sent to me by Adelaide Neilson. It reached me simultaneously with the news of her death. 'Twas as though she had said: 'Take it. I have done with time.'"

Among the delightful bits quoted by Mr. Bishop is one of his own devising. Charles Francis Adams, who had often given Mr. Bishop the opportunity of seeing him exemplify the Adams trait of disagreeing with everybody else, once astonished Bishop by saying: "You are talking sense. That's what I think." Not unnaturally Mr. Bishop replied: "Adams, I have known you for a quarter of a century and you have never agreed with me before. You shake my confidence in the soundness of my own views."

Mr. Bishop's gamut ranges from Horace Greeley and Henry Ward Beecher to John Hay and Theodore Roosevelt. Borrowing a word from Isaac Disraeli, he begins with "A Plea for Anecdotage." But Mr. Bishop's anecdotage is its own sufficient justification.

The BOWLING GREEN

Abraham Lincoln

IT is a fine thing to turn loose a poet on the job of biography; especially when it is so shrewd, simple, and tough a poet as Carl Sandburg. Mr. Strunsky has spoken lately of a tendency of the biography of irony to decline into the biography of snicker. Sandburg's "Lincoln,"* in this age of biography, is a different sort of life-story altogether; the biography of poetry. Sandburg has written this book exactly as he writes his verse: there is the same musical, melancholy cadence, the same vivid touch upon tangible and visible essentials, the same occasional (but fortunately rare) slidder upon a bit of too slippery sentiment. The Rootabaga note, as one might call it, just a few times seems to me to betray him; but even where it does it comes, somehow, as a part of the story because it is part of Carl himself, the old darling. I only mention my one or two anxieties about occasional fragments of the book because they enforce my private notion that in any really great piece of work the imperfections, if they are of the right sort, are a needful element of the greatness. Sandburg has achieved the crowning success of having done the one book that he, of all men now living, was specially designated to do. The Rootabaga fairytaler has hit upon the queerest fairy-tale of all. If there is anything characteristically American, in its comedy and tragedy and sentiment, this is it; as American as Will Rogers or Henry Ford's fiddler. With magnificent shrewdness Sandburg does not tell the whole story. He leaves it at the point where Lincoln, after cording up his trunks himself and tacking on them a card—*A. Lincoln, The White House, Washington*—gets on the train at Springfield. The engine with a queer big stovepipe, the man with a queer big stovepipe, and newly growing whiskers (tragic or pathetic attempt to be modish?) go off into the misty horizon. "Goodbye, Abe."

* * *

"Perhaps poetry, art, human behavior in this country, which has need to build on its own traditions, would be served by a life of Lincoln stressing the fifty-two years previous to his Presidency." So Sandburg in his preface; perhaps it is important that he puts poetry first in the possible beneficiaries of his labor. The greatest tribute that could be paid this beautifully moving book would be, for a modest while anyhow, an increase in the general tract of silence. Sandburg whittles Lincoln out of the arbor vitae, and chip by chip the effigy comes clean. And the effect on "human behavior" is powerful, as Sandburg hoped it might be. This is a prairie history, with prairie horizons, woven of a thousand anecdotes, traditions, sayings, memories. It is the fruit of thousands of conversations and gleanings, and behind and within all are the silences of Lincoln, the silences of Sandburg too. There are two kinds of silence: silence absolute, and silence while someone else is talking. Both are in this book. And in it the corn grows and the stars prick their patterns and the axe clips deep into the trunk and country boys have their feet in the clear shallows of Knob Creek. There is in it the poet's sense of life; the same sense of life you find in the Æneid.

When you open this book at the frontispiece and see the photograph of Lincoln's axe-helve, with his name cut into it; or when you find pictured the stone on which he scratched his poor betrothal, July 4, 1833, you are startled, perhaps, by the painful intimation that the Lincoln legends were facts; that it all really did happen very much as you had always heard. That is the dangerous thing about the fairy-tales you erect in your own heart: they often prove to be true. The Lincoln legends have gone so deep into us that few now can dispassionately scrutinize them; but it does appear that he was much the kind of man we would have hoped. We have scrutinize them; but now, through Sandburg's sober shrewdness, we know that the Lincoln of our dreams was something pretty close to the actual. When I speak of Sandburg's shrewdness, I mean, for example, the way he estimates the precise value of the small-town gossip about Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln. He seems to understand exactly, as few people do, just how far to credit mere tittle-tattle. There are some temperaments for which a farce like "Abie's Irish Rose" is as profoundly disturbing and tragic as "Hamlet." The story of Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln is perhaps one of those reversible comedies.

You will be reading this book anyway; that I take for granted, and it will give you silences of your own. You will find, then, that Lincoln was thus and so; but the important thing, as Carl Sandburg himself would insist, is the effect, if any, on human behavior. A queer notion keeps coming to me. It is customary, in reading of these wilderness boyhoods and of the hardships and makeshifts of pioneer days, to lament for ourselves the disappearance of that old gruelling life, tough ordeals, and its Spartan pangs. What have we got, we ask ourselves, in the civilization we know, that can produce the genuine article of humanity? And then I wonder whether the wilderness of a modern city doesn't nourish a pioneering spirit as hardy as any of old Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois? The actual physical stress may be different but it is almost as severe; and the mental strain is surely much more intense. If great achievements spring from great anxieties and sufferings, then surely New York as we see it should be as potent to germinate great citizens, great artists, as New Salem or Springfield ninety years ago. C. E. M. Joad, one of what some reviewer has humorously called the Dollar Soothsayers, viz. the authors of Dutton's admirable little "Today and Tomorrow" Series, has written a gorgeously candid tractate, "Thrasymachus, or The Future of Morals." At the conclusion of his essay he admits that all he can foresee for the next fifty years is a growing backwash of Puritanism which will bring about a natural and commendable growth in hypocrisy; the world will tend to become "a paradise for the average man and a hell for the exceptional one." There can be no real morality until "the life-force can contrive again to send a great religious teacher into the world." In the world as we see it, Joad says, "those who think the least have the best of it." And as for American civilization, its objects are "to substitute cleanliness for beauty, mechanism for men, and hypocrisy for morals. It devotes so much energy to obtaining the means to make life possible, that it has none left to practice the art of living. And the drift of British development follows increasingly the course set by America."

Joad's book will startle and trouble some of its readers, but it runs marvellously close to the current of a million minds nowadays. And his suggestion that we shall be happier by not attempting to think comes with queer force just after we have read Sandburg's "Lincoln" which causes one to do a good deal of — well, if not thinking, at any rate musing. When another "great religious teacher" comes, or another Lincoln, the outcry of anger and derision will be even fiercer than before. The megaphones are bigger. But I cling to the thought that if he comes it will not necessarily be from the great corn-growing prairie. Perhaps the almost incredibly complex and dangerous hardships of some great city with its subtle stimuli to heart and nerve and appetite, will beget and toughen that spiritual pioneer. And his biography, when written, might even show as frontispiece some common symbol just as romantic and laborious as Lincoln's worn axe-handle; if it were only a brief-case he had carried in the daily swink of the subway.

There is one final thought that comes about Lincoln, which must have struck anyone who has studied the photographs of his face. Perhaps he was singularly unskilful in a matter where most of us are very adept—the art of deceiving himself. It is hard, somehow, to imagine him outwitting his own sombre and humorous judgment by any specious sophistries. As we study that face we love him almost as we all love the most lovable person we know—ourselves. We love him because we see in him what everyone secretly knows, the capacity for suffering. As Carl Sandburg suggests, there is a parable of Abe in the story of the Indiana boy who said to Lincoln, "Abe, I don't s'pose there's anybody on earth likes gingerbread better'n I do—and gets less'n I do."

As long as such books as this can be written, and can move us as deeply as they do, we have nobly saved, and not meanly lost, the wealth of that greatest American fairy tale.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

*Mr. Sandburg's work, which is to be issued by Harcourt, Brace & Co., will not be published until the end of next week.

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Books of Special Interest

Romantic History

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS. By V. F. BOYSON. With notes on the Natural History by RUPERT VALLENTIN. New York: Oxford University Press. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by ROCKWELL KENT
Author of "Voyaging"

IN the surge of the South Atlantic, some 250 miles east of the nearest point of Patagonia—with which they are geologically connected by a submarine plateau—between 51° and 53° S. latitude and between 57° 40′ and 61° 25′ W. longitude, lie a group of islands numbering over one hundred, great and small. Storm-whipped, treeless, and forbidding, they saw the centuries go by, waiting until some fine venture of the spirit should bring them within human ken."

It starts magnificently—this book of the Falklands—starts like a saga, sounding at once a note of great adventure. It sustains that note over three centuries crammed with stirring episode—until, in 1855, with Chapter VII, "British Rule," the interest stops; and the narrative continues with the enthusiasm of a Congressional record. With discovery accomplished, the struggles for possession—struggles, by the way, that threatened more than once the peace of Europe and America—with these at an end, with the colony established and policed, the making and recording of the islands' history passed into the hands of politicians. And although, in the book under review, the islands' subsequent story is painstakingly told, one must question whether history based upon official reports has ever any real value as the truth.

Yet throughout the entire story, involving as it does the relation of innumerable quarrels, the author maintains an impressive fairness of judgment and a rare appreciation of the humor of events and characters. It is the reviewer's impression that the British claim to the Falklands is still disputed by the Argentine Republic; and certainly, as the history of it is presented in this book, British title to those islands rests upon the most unconscionable and deliberate theft. The proud American may profit by reading of the disastrous effect of his countrymen's official interference in the colony's affairs; and he will hold his sides in wholesome laughter at "spread-eagleism" *reducto ad absurdum.*

It is, however, as a book of reference on the Falkland Islands—their history, their resources, and industries, their natural features, and their flora and fauna—that the authors must expect to have it judged; and certainly, by scholarly achievement of that aim, it will find acceptance, and a permanent place on the shelves of history and science.

Russian Annals

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By JAMES MAVOR. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925.

RUSSIA. By N. MAKEEV and VALENTINE O'HARA. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by PITIRIM SOROKIN

THIS new and slightly revised edition of Professor Mavor's work quite deserves the good reception which was accorded the first edition in England, the United States, and Russia. The book still remains the most complete, scholarly, and dispassionate survey of the economic history of Russia written by a foreigner. It covers Russian economic history from the earliest period to the Russia of 1917. The central topic of the first volume is the rise and fall of bondage right. While other periods and topics are outlined somewhat generally this subject is given detailed analysis. As many problems, connected with it have not yet been solved unanimously by Russian historians, some of the author's conclusions may be questioned. But to his credit it must be said that he himself stresses the hypothetical character of his conclusions and recounts opinions differing from his own. The second volume represents practically a history of the revolutionary movement in Russia from the eighteenth century to the Revolution of 1917. Here also the opinions set forth are typical of a part of the Russian intelligentsia before the Revolution, and yet questionable in their validity.

On the whole, the work represents a reliable history of not only the economic but the social development of Russia. Though the author seems not to have gone to unpublished archival sources, none the less he displays such a wide knowledge of what has been published and such deep insight into the situation, that his work still remains unique among the writings of foreigners about Russia.

Except for its first introductory chapters, "Russia" by N. Makeev and V. O'Hara, might serve as a continuation of Professor Mavor's work. The book represents a well-rounded history of the last Russian Revolution. Like Professor Mavor, the authors, one a Russian, former president of the all-Russian Union of Zemstvos, the other an Englishman, a member of the Anglo-Russian Committee in Petrograd, know well that they are talking about. The book is one of the best among the few reliable works about the Russian Revolution. It presents a concise characterization of the economic, political, religious, educational, psychological, and social changes in Russia during the Revolution. It is one of the pioneer works dedicated to the general history of the Russian upheaval. Accurate description, proper quotation of sources, many representative figures and tables, in their totality, clearly and comprehensively depict the course of the Revolution. Without any hesitation I heartily recommend it to all who want to have an objective and well-rounded knowledge of the greatest event of contemporary times.

A Standard Handbook

THE CLIMATES OF THE UNITED STATES. By R. DEC. WARD. New York: Ginn & Co. 1925. $4.

Reviewed by CHARLES F. BROOKS
Clark University

HERE is a scholarly, scientific treatise on the climatology of the United States, by one highly qualified through more than thirty years' study and teaching as Harvard's climatologist. While some of the publications of the Weather Bureau offering statistics and summaries of our climates may be of more value for detailed reference, Professor Ward's book alone provides a concise and convenient description and interpretation of United States climates and their significance to man.

Highly instructive are the clear and well illustrated discussions of the weather usually experienced in different regions, and of the nationwide distribution of temperatures, winds, moisture, and sunshine, in their various phases. Striking weather receives its share of attention: e.g., thunderstorms; tornadoes; cold waves, northers, and blizzards. Then follows a summary chapter on the essential characteristics of the climates by provinces. "Climate and Health," "Climate and Crops," and the "Climates of Alaska," conclude the book.

So great have been the pains taken by the author it is difficult to find points for adverse criticism. Only one need be mentioned here. In his discussion of ocean currents as a major control of the climates of adjacent land and in later applications to the particular conditions in the eastern United States, Professor Ward says that "an ocean current can have practically no influence on the climate of an adjacent land unless the wind is blowing onshore." Suppose the wind is offshore. It is going slantwise from a region where the pressure is higher to one where it is lower. The speed of this wind and its direction are controlled not alone by the pressure distribution over the continental mass but in large measure also by the pressures over the ocean. Warm water, favoring low pressure, makes pressure gradients and winds stronger when the wind is offshore. Therefore, the stronger the Gulf Stream, or the warmer its waters, the lower is the pressure at sea likely to be and the more persistent and stronger the offshore wind. Since the deflection in the northern hemisphere is to the right of the direction of the pressure gradient, such increased and more persistent offshore winds are the cold northerly and northwesterly winds. Substitute water of lower temperature for the Gulf Stream, and winters of the eastern United States would become warmer and more in accord with the latitude. The Gulf Stream has been underrated rather than overrated as a control in eastern climates, though the nature of the control is rather different from the popular conception of it.

This one point should in no wise detract from the general usefulness of the volume as a climatology of the United States. It is the standard work on our climatology, one that with its abundant references to literature will be virtually as valuable ten years hence as it is today. Professor Ward's new book will find its place on the reference shelves of people with all manner of varied interests, including teachers and students, physicians, business men, general readers, and vacationists. While complete enough to be a handbook of the specialist, it is, nevertheless, readable and comprehensible to all.

A Sturdy Nation

NORWAY. By G. GATHORNE HARDY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by ANNA C. REQUE

THIS is a volume of The Modern World Series which aims to present "a balanced survey, with such historical illustrations as are necessary, of the tendencies and forces, political, economic, intellectual, which are moulding the lives of contemporary states," and to this task the author has brought a ripe scholarship, and a sympathetic understanding.

One of the moulding forces, natural not historical, is the country itself; the long, highly indented coastline inviting to maritime adventure, the bleak mountain ranges separating each valley from its neighbor, and of such barrenness that they were the making of a race of lowland dwellers rather than mountaineers. A nation that looked to the sea for an outlet, for to Sweden there were also national barriers. The isolation of each district gave it a sense of independence, slow to incline to national unity. The geography, too, accounts for a divergence in character; the seafarer and town dweller of the coast differed greatly from the inland farmer, who in sturdy self-reliance looked little to the outside world, and turned his versatile hand to every craft his household stood in need of.

Although the past is subordinated to the present in this series, there is a clear and concise presentation of the national development, the viking movement, and the forming of a united kingdom with large colonial possessions. Then following upon this age of unexampled prosperity came the long dark years of national decline, which had their beginning in the fourteenth century and continued four hundred years. Adversity had its uses, however, and pressure from without helped to unite a people not inclined to coalesce.

The chain of events of the early nineteenth century leading up to 1814, when Norway separated from Denmark, are fully dealt with, also the union with Sweden then formed and maintained with almost constant, although not violent, friction until its dissolution n 1905.

Following upon this political, historical survey, the literature, sharply divided into old and new, comes in for discussion, and the author contrives in two chapters of some fifty odd pages to give a comprehensive characterization of the literature as a formative influence and a revelation of national character. A literature impressive in its richness of production for a country of so small a populaton.

Although the majority of the population have since remote times been engaged in agriculture, yet the Norwegians are in one sense a race of sailors, fishermen, and seafarers, and it was as such they first entered the pages of history. But we are told that the Viking movement was not a national one, indeed was limited to a small number of aristocrats to whom a warlike career seemed the only way of livelihood and this could best be pursued abroad, so they sailed away with a trusty band and sought their fortunes in foreign lands. An interesting theory is presented in the argument that these early expeditions were not for plunder alone, but were directed against Christian strongholds and that there was a definitely religious side to these raids.

When seafaring began to be carried on for commerce there were many factors not in its favor; the Norse colonies in the Faroes, Iceland, and Greenland had little to either export or import, and this was true of Norway as well. The Norwegians are not a people of commercial aptitude and the highly organized Hanseatic League and later the Dutch controlled commerce met with little hindrance. Not until the British Navigation Act in 1849 did Norway take its high place in the merchant fleets of the world. "The history of Norwegian shipping during the Great War is a subject which deserves more space than can be accorded to it in a work of this kind." Great losses have followed upon wartime prosperity but the worst is probably over, and with settled conditions and industrial development a people that has weathered so many storms will undoubtedly master this.

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Books of Special Interest

A Canadian Novel

THE SETTLERS OF THE MARSH. By FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE. New York: Doran.

Reviewed by LESLIE L. PHELPS
Of the Faculty of Wesley College, Winnipeg, Canada

IN THE NEXT twenty-five years to come a discriminating handful of time, a reader suggesting genius has come out of Canada with "Settlers of the Marsh" is not unlikely. Its faults lie on the surface, its merits are fundamental.

There are two tremendous scenes in the book and a multitude of intensely vivid little pictures of all sorts; there is detailed, subtle characterization and the presentation of many folk who appear physically alive to us and whom we might wish to know; there is presentation of a prairie settlement rising out of the gumbo and becoming articulated into Canadian life. Under all, upholding all, is the prairie landscape; over all, as a presence, is the prairie sky at night and by day. This vivid, compelling intensity of the book is blurred and offset from time to time by what appear to be tricks of style—the spendthrift use of dots suggesting that anything but the prolific linotype would have run out of periods by the end of the first chapter; a nervous haste destroying the reader's desire for leisure as he reads; the apparent lack of verisimilitude in the speech of certain characters; in one or two places an inartistic amount of detail in handling the sex elements of the book; and a rather hurried ending.

The story of the writing of the book and some knowledge of Mr. Grove throws interpretive light on these merits and defects. Mr. Grove has lived in Manitoba for thirty-three years; he has been privately and arduously apprenticed to the pen for a longer period than that. Equally at home in French, German, and English, Latin and Greek, his literary self-criticism is severe. Apart from certain publications on the Continent a generation ago, he first ventured into print in 1922 and in 1923 with "Over Prairie Trails" and "The Turn of the Year." This last published book and first novel, "Settlers of the Marsh," was originally planned as a work of 900,000 words in three volumes. As actually written it contained about 400,000 words. It was cut to 85,000 words to meet the publisher's demand in connection with a first novel. Hence, the dots, which represent the loss to the reader of a rich quantity of supporting interpretive and descriptive material in the writing of which Mr. Grove's pen can be most satisfying. Hence, the nervousness of the book and the seemingly rather sudden ending.

❧ ❧

The note of Grove's book is tragic. The central figure is Niels Lindstedt. Intimately associated with him are two women and a man and a boy. Surrounding these four is the prairie settlement and such coming and going of marginal people about their business of seeding, harvesting, hauling, cooking, child-bearing, and "choring" as suggests the continuity of life in spite of Niels's tragedy or the tragedy of any individual or group of individuals. The struggle within Niels himself, the struggles of the two women, Ellen and Mrs. Vogel, the battle of the whole community with the land—all of it involves the old pitiable disaster against which the heart and mind of man forever unavailingly rebel, the disaster of waste. But the book ends quietly and serenely. It is the quiet after the storm, the serenity which comes when folk are tired and wish to rest awhile. In the end the book becomes one more localization of the warfare of the human spirit. Thus it fuses with the universal and out of Manitoba landscape creates spiritual territory of the soul.

Mr. Grove's knowledge is so thorough, his style so economical and effective, that his literary product becomes one of those inescapeable things carrying with it an undeniable challenge to our attention. One is tempted to the statement that no pen at work in Canada suggests the capacity, not primarily to tell a story, but to interpret the actuality of Western prairie life in the making, as does the pen of Frederick Philip Grove; no one is creating as Grove is creating it the kind of literature to which one goes in order to get the sense of life, of men and women alive body and soul, of landscape under foot and eye. With this book, "Settlers of the Marsh," Canada makes contribution to contemporary world fiction.

Old England

LONDON LIFE IN THE XVIII CENTURY. By M. DOROTHY GEORGE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925.

Reviewed by WILLARD H. DURHAM

THE title and illustrations of Mrs. George's carefully documented work will attract certain readers only to disappoint them. They will expect to find a reproduction of Hogarth's Gin Lane surrounded by information about bottles and bagnios; they will anticipate information about sword-knots and lap-dogs, the fashionable hour for dinner in 1740, and the gossip of the servants' hall in 1726; and they will be correspondingly uninterested in trade statistics and the neglected duties of parish officials. For Mrs. George has made no attempt to supplant Ashton or other compilers of not wholly authentic details concerning eighteenth century gowns and games. Although she is familiar with the periodicals and with the pamphlets of Ned Ward, Tom Brown, and Jonathan Swift (may he forgive me for mentioning him in such company!), she has made slight use of them and has drawn most of her material from such sources as the bills of mortality and the reports of committees of the House of Commons. Her interest is in sociology rather than in society, in problems of economics rather than in those of etiquette. The social backgrounds of eighteenth century literature have yet adequately to be described.

To our knowledge of the subjects in which she is interested, Mrs. George has, however, made a significant contribution. She has clearly demonstrated the falsity or inadequacy of certain commonly accepted generalizations about the eighteenth century. She has shown that working class prosperity did not, in London at least, decrease as that century grew older. She has made it apparent that much of what has been said about the deplorable effects of "the industrial revolution" is without foundation in fact. She has shown that the nineteenth country which has, during the past six years, ing as new evils those which were of ancient origin and which had flourished most sturdily long before they were supposed to have been born. She presents important facts about tradesmen and apprentices, and she has demonstrated certain evils of the traffic in gin which are not without interest for a country which has, during the past six years, made it vastly easier to procure bad gin than good beer.

Concerning the value of Mrs. George's material and the general validity of her conclusions no great difference of opinion is likely to arise. Some of us may be less certain than she seems to be about the ultimate value of society of the kind of progress which she records; we may even be unwise enough to regret the passing of certain rough and hardy customs which men supposed that they enjoyed until reformers told them they were wrong; but we cannot deny that these changes have come. Mrs. George has seen to that. Her facts come not as single spies, but in battalions; yet their manœuvres show lack of discipline.

It is just here that Mrs. George is most open to criticism. She has not always been able to direct the whirlwind and has sometimes yielded to the confusion of her notebooks. Much of her evidence is derived from early nineteenth century sources and refers to early nineteenth century conditions. She is not unaware of this, but the reader is likely to be. He must be constantly alert if he is to know that a given statement applies to the eighteenth century only by inference. And not even the alert reader is always able to discover precisely what portion of the century is under discussion. Mrs. George's mind would appear to be Teutonic, not Gallic; her chapters are bundles rather than organisms.

Nor has she any great mastery of style. She plods on indefatigably, letting the reader stumble doggedly behind her if he will. Hers is the determined seriousness of the graduate student who believes Bacon to have said that truth is best plain set. The value of her book lies wholly in its matter. This is the more regrettable because there is so much of real value there.

The publishing house of Bemporad in Florence is issuing a collected edition of the novels of Pirandello under the title, "Novelle per un anno." The collection when completed is to contain twenty-four volumes and well illustrates the versatility of the Italian dramatist's talent. His fiction is of varied character, at times satirical and humorous, at others concerned with psychological problems.

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Trade Winds

I HAVE been somewhat disgruntled to note that the majority of my customers and correspondents have been apparently more interested in the private affairs of Young Amherst and Jocunda Vassar than in legitimate book business. One person wrote to know the address of the Cave of the Fallen Angels and other cheerful cabarets frequented by these young people. It begins to look as though I made a mistake in hiring two such lively acolytes. This week I shall devote my notes severely to trade matters, only remarking that Jocunda has now decided that the two authors most important for her to get the hang of are Unamuno and André Gide. She was very much humiliated when a customer asked for a copy of Unamuno's "The Tragic Sense of Life" and she had never heard of that writer. But she says the book sounds just what she wants and has made me order a copy. Young Amherst, however, has not risen above "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and "The Clio," both of which he cackles over. And I myself feel an impulse to try Morley Roberts' "Rachel Marr," republished by Knopf in the Blue Jade Library, and Stephen McKenna's "The Oldest God," so there you have our various choices for the week.

Jocunda also, I might add, has been almost unbearable since Joad's "Thrasymachus" came in; she says she never heard of Joad and calls him Joad the Obscure; but she has considerably dishevelled both Amherst and myself by reading to us passages from that book, and has sold at least ten copies, insisting to customers that they *must* find out how much of their morality is merely primitive taboo.

Both "The Constant Nymph" and "The Perennial Bachelor" have now passed the 100,000 mark, I am credibly informed.—The Oxford University Press, American Branch, is enlarging its quarters at 35 West 32 Street.—One of the really fine critics of our time was Arthur Clutton-Brock who has now been dead three years. After his death, at the bottom of a box of old bills at the back of a lumber cupboard, was found a collection of sonnets and other poems which are about to be published by Ernest Benn, 8 Bouverie Street, London, under the title of "The Miracle of Love." Unhappily there are only to be 450 copies, at 3 guineas each; yet perhaps there were not more than 450 people who knew how fine a critic Clutton-Brock was. —Unless I am mistaken this year marks the tenth anniversary of the Chicago *Daily News's Wednesday* Book Page, which has done a helpful lot to stir up racket about books in that region: those resolute litterateurs, Messrs. Harry Hansen and Keith Preston and Morris Fishbein, have a harpoon, lampoon, or typhoon ready for almost anything that seems to need it. —I gather from the Publishers' Weekly that publishers are all the time sending books gratis to President Coolidge, which makes it the more unlikely that I shall ever find out what books, if any, he buys for himself. —Certainly one of the most interesting Spring lists is that announced by Harper and Bros., which ancient firm has shown the most remarkable all-around rejuvenation since they moved uptown. "Sutter's Gold," translated by Henry Longan Stuart from the French of Blaise Cendrars, and to be issued in an enchantingly spirited format, is the book that I shall give a window display to when it comes. Then Harpers also announce old Elie Faure, the Letters of Imogen Guiney, a book of essays by William Bolitho and a tale by Sir Hugh Clifford. —"Finest American Vellum" seems a little lofty for Mark Twain's Rabelaisian trifle "1601" which is advertised at $5 by an ingenious trickster in Montreal. —Joe Estabrook, the well known head of Hochschild Kohn's book department in Baltimore, has gone to Pittsburgh to take charge of Joseph Horne and Co.'s book department. —Doubleday, Page and Company have moved their New York City office to 285 Madison Avenue. —The Macmillan Company are about to come out with Masefield's new novel, "Odtaa," whose title, as I told you before, is an acrostic for "One damn thing after another." —But I think my favorite publisher is The Maxwelton Company, of Lexington, Kentucky, whose slogan is "Maxwelton Books are Bonny."

Grace Gaige, the head of R. H. Macy's book department, tells an amusing story to illustrate the variety of services which customers expect the modern department store to perform. A gentleman came in saying he wanted to buy a poem, printed on a card, suitable for his daughter to give one of her teachers at her graduation from school. Miss Gaige and her assistants searched but could not find anything appropriate. But true to her excellent policy of never allowing a customer to depart without making every possible effort to satisfy his need, she suggested that she could have one written for him. Not at all surprised, he said that would be fine. When could it be done? Miss Gaige consulted one of her staff, an amateur versifier in the book-keeping department, who said that he would do it at lunch time. "Our poet," she said humorously to the customer, "doesn't feel any inspiration at the moment, but if you can come back after lunch—" The customer said he would be too busy to come back. "Very well," said Miss Gaige, "we'll telephone it to you." Still the customer never cracked a smile, apparently regarding all this as part of the normal duty of a bookstore. So at three o'clock, as per appointment, Miss Gaige telephoned him the text of the poem as prepared by the young accountant during his lunch hour. The customer was very pleased and asserted that it was just what he wanted. "What will the price be?" he said. "Oh, we won't charge for that," said Miss Gaige.

The customer has never been seen again, and as far as anyone knows he believes that supplying poetry is part of Macy's regular business. Perhaps he will be in again some day to ask them to help him pick out a son-in-law.

P. E. G. Quercus

A Letter from London

By MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

EVERY intelligent human who is not too proud to be keenly interested in human life and human nature enjoys reading what the French well and wittily describe as a "novel with a key" that is, a story which, while pretending to be fiction, deals with real life. Now and again such a book is also great literature. We have only to think of "Villette," of "War and Peace," and "Anna Karenina" to realize that almost in the same class as these three I would put Daudet's "Nabob" and his "Les Rois en Exile." A *toneau à clef* has, I hear been written by Mr. Arnold Bennett. It is to be called "Lord Ringo," and deals with the career of a great English,or rather Canadian newspaper proprietor. Not only the central figure, but the various noted statesmen and others with whom "Lord Ringo" has his passages of love and hate, have their prototypes in contemporary London life. I am told that the book—I have not read the manuscript myself—is the outcome of Mr. Bennett's war experiences. During those four years many a square peg was put into a round hole, but when Arnold Bennett was given the difficult and delicate task of dealing with the French side of British Propaganda the right man was certainly put in the right place. His work necessarily brought him in contact with innumerable noted personalities, and that in every section of public life. Though I know a contrary view is often held, in my belief no true literary artist is ever tempted to draw direct from life. The greater works of imagination have been conjured out of the writer's past, not out of his present. Seven years have gone by since the Armistice, and the time seems to have come when the author of "The Old Wives' Tale"—in itself a marvelous throwback and reconstitution of the writer's childhood and early youth—feels that "now it can be told."

And now as to other novels which are to be published in either serial or book form in the coming year. I was lately present at an amusing discussion, in which several well known novelists as well as a distinguished publisher, took part, as to what quality which makes it a big seller is one name of "big seller." Someone there recalled the fact that certain great writers, notably Meredith and Conrad, seemed ever haunted by the wish to write a story which would make a universal appeal, and someone else slyly mentioned two or three very distinguished living "highbrow" writers who have tried, and failed, to achieve that particular type of popularity. The publisher observed that the most striking fact concerning a big seller is that the mysterious guality which makes it a big seller is one that cannot be discovered by even the cleverest and shrewdest "reader." To this statement I strongly demurred, for I, myself, though I have never "read" for a publisher, I have twice sported a big seller, once when by mistake the page proofs of "The Dop Doctor" were sent me instead of my own. After obtaining permission to do so, I read the story, and at once realized that the book would make a strong appeal to the average reader—and to impress the average reader is, of course, the secret of every big seller's success. In other words, the ordinary man or woman, when reading the story, must feel that it satisfies some secret craving, and in most cases this secret craving embodies a hidden passion for romance. This was certainly the case of that most delightful of big sellers, "The Prisoner of Zenda," which I had the good fortune to read on the day of its publication, and of which I instantly predicted the success.

It has often happened, curiously enough, that a big seller happens to be also a first or second book, and here and now I venture to predict a wide popularity for a romantic story, the scene of which is laid in Scotland, called "The Silver Lullaby," by a new writer named Ida Lascelles. I should perhaps be hard put to it to say why I regard this tale as a potential big seller. It has a good plot, but then many stories have good plots; the characters are clearly drawn and romantic, but that again is the case with many a book which enjoys only a moderate success; but perhaps the quality which most impressed me when reading, as I was asked to do, the manuscript of "The Silver Lullaby," was the obvious sincerity and vitality with which it was written. The characters were so intensely real to the writer that they became, as it were, real to the reader, infused with that breath of life which is everything in a story, and which, as a rule, is the real reason why, of such a book, the reader will say, "I could not put it down till I had finished it." As old Dumas once put it, in a private letter which I have the good fortune to possess, "The writer must not only laugh and cry with his characters; he must tremble with fear, shiver with cold, and love and hate, with them."

The big seller every writer longs to write is the story which leaps the barriers of language. That is the real test, and one which very few novels published in the English tongue in the last hundred years have succeeded in doing: indeed the only examples which I can call to mind are the tales of Poe, and "Jane Eyre."

Now and again, often at a distance of years, a writer appears who can tell the old story of human nature in a new manner and, what is far more rare, with a new vision. Such a writer is Hardy; such a writer was Conrad; such a writer, in the opinion of many good judges, is Romer Wilson.

Her first book, "Martin Schuler," concerned itself with what is perhaps the most difficult subject a writer can treat, that is the subject of genius. Her second book, while quite different from the first, was equally remarkable. It was called "The Death of Society," and gained the British Hawthornden Prize for the best work of fiction by a young writer published in the year of its appearance. Then came "The Grand Tour." which again was quite unlike its two predecessors. Now, after an interval of three years, is about to be published by Romer Wilson a novel called "Dragons' Blood" which will show the conflict between post-war pessimism and optimism. The scene is laid in Germany.

Like "The Death of Society," "Dragons' Blood" is a *conte de fée*, that is, one must suppose, an essay in romance, and so not in any sense to be taken as a "slice of life." The two chief protagonists in the story are Friedrich Storm, who comes of peasant stock, and Walther Von Markheim, Count of Waldsburg. Between the two young men there arises a passionate friendship which becomes terribly affected, indeed broken, by Markheim's love for Lotte Lehman, a one-time prostitute. Though the book is not long, it is packed with drama, thought, and feeling. Thus it will not read as reads the story even when much longer, of which the quality is thin. "Dragons' Blood" consists of four parts and of fourteen chapters, each chapter having several sub-sections. It will be published simultaneously in London and in New York this spring.

To many readers, both in England and in America, there will be something strange in the thought that the writer of "Ships that Pass in the Night" should have written a problem novel, but so it is. Miss Beatrice Harraden's next book, "Rachel," is a powerful study of divorce—divorce as it affects the woman, not the man. From another point of view the story might be described as an analysis of the feelings of a divorcée who finds herself compelled to face life alone, suffering under what is still, in England at any rate, a heavy handicap. Laws may alter, but human nature remains much the same. Only the woman who for any reason is deprived of the protection which marriage or virtuous spinsterhood bestows, is aware of how deeply conventional even the most unconventional-seeming man can be when face to face with a human being he perhaps only half-consciously considers "fair game." The most poignant picture of the position in which such a woman may find herself was written many years ago by an American, the late Howard Sturges, who chose to live in England. In an apparently slight little story called "All That Was Possible," he drew the eternal situation of the woman who has forfeited her right to the respect, though not to the love, of the man who seeks her for his own. It was, it is, a masterpiece.

A Rhymed Review

OVER THE GRASS. By WILL H. OGILVIE. Illustrated in Color by LIONEL EDWARDS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by ALFRED STODDART

WILL OGILVIE, sir, you have done it again;
You have touched us once more with your galloping pen.
You have captured—to gladden our hearts ere it pass—
The sunshine of Sport in your "Over the Grass."

In the lilt of your verses we seem to discover
The chorous of hounds as they break from the cover,
The music of hoof-beats, so sweet to the ear,
The sound of the horn as it rings sharp and clear.

In fancy we tighten the girths of the bay,
Then we gather our reins and we gallop away;
And no fence can daunt us, no day is too long,
While we ride to the tune of your rythmical song.

In the course of gathering data for the World War history collection which Herbert Hoover is making for Leland Stanford University his agent, through the assistance of the Soviet Government, uncovered some remarkably interesting correspondence between Catherine the Great and Paul Jones and also between the Queen and Benjamin Franklin.

After a long period of silence the noted German novelist, George von Ompteda, has issued a new tale and one that shows no waning of his powers. It is entitled "Ernest III," and is a romance of a court and of the development of a young prince who is unexpectedly and suddenly called to the throne.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the [illegible] received. Many of them [illegible]

Archaeology

EGYPTIAN PAPYRI AND PAPYRUS HUNTING. By *James Baikie*. Revell. $3.75

A CENTURY OF EXCAVATION IN PALESTINE. By *R. A. S. Macalister*. Revell. $3.75.

THE FALISCANS IN PREHISTORIC TIMES. By *Louise Adams Holland*. American Academy in Rome.

Art

HOW TO DISTINGUISH THE SAINTS IN ART. By *Arthur de Bles*. Art Culture Publications 7[illegible] Fifth Avenue, New York.

Belles Lettres

ARTHUR SYMONS. By *T. Earle Welby*. Adelphi. $3 net.

BROTHERHOOD IN BROWNING. By *Maude A. Price*. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press.

THE THEORY OF POETRY. By *Lascelles Abercrombie*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.75

THE EXTERNAL EVIDENCE IN INTERPOLATION IN HOMER. By *George Melville Bolling*. Oxford University Press. $7 net.

ESSAYS AND STUDIES. Collected by *Oliver Elton*. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Biography

FRANCOIS VILLON. By *Lucius Beebe*. Privately printed.

LETTERS AND MEMORIES OF SUSAN AND ANNA BARTLETT WARNER. By *Olivia E. Phelps Stokes*. Putnam. $2.50.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GUIBERT. Translated by *C. C. Swinton Bland*. Dutton. $3.

A BRAZILIAN MYSTIC. By *R. B. Cunninghame Graham*. Dial. $4.00.

DOUGHTY DEEDS. By *R. B. Cunninghame Graham*. Dial. $3.75.

DOSTOESKY. By *Andre Gide*. Knopf.

KATHIE'S DIARY. Edited by *Margaret W. Eggleston*. Doran. $2 net.

LATER DAYS. By *W. H. Davies*. Doran. $2. net.

THE FARINGTON DIARY. By *Joseph Farington*. Edited by *James Greig*. Doran. $7.50 net.

LIFE AN LETTERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. By *Francis W. Hirst*. Macmillan. $6.

I LIKE TO REMEMBER. By *W. Pett Ridge*. Doran. $4 net.

OVER THE OPEN. By *H. S. Page*. Scribners. Alexander Brown and Sons. By *Frank R. Kent*. Baltimore.

Business

INTEREST RATES AND STOCK SPECULATION. By RICHARD N. OWENS AND CHARLES O. HARDY WITH THE AID OF THE COUNCIL AND STAFF OF THE INSTITUTE OF ECONOMICS. Macmillan. 1925. $2.

This volume is one of the series of Investigations in Finance of the Institute of Economics in Washington. It contains the results of a painstaking statistical inquiry undertaken to test the validity of the widespread theory that fluctuations in interest rates are the principal cause of variations in stock-market speculation. The statistical data are clearly and precisely presented and show that this theory is untenable. No causal relation is found to have existed in the past between high or low interest rates and changes either in the volume of stock exchange transactions or in the prices of speculative stocks. The conclusion is reached that such direct different influence on speculation as is exerted by changes in interest rates through increasing or decreasing the cost of carrying stocks is negligible. The figures presented, however, do show a pronounced tendency for interest rates to lag behind stock prices in their upward and downward movements. The lag is established at about twelve months.

The study of Mr. Hardy and Mr. Owens is interesting and valuable, not only for the definite conclusion reached, but as an example of the method by which modern statistical technique is being used to correct errors arising from careless and faulty application of general economic principles to specific problems.

Drama

THE ROADS. By *Rudolf Broda*. FOUR SEAS. WHITE CARGO. By *Leon Gordon*. FOUR SEAS $2.

SUE 'EM. By *Nany Bancroft Brosius*. Brentanos. 50 cents.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN THE EUROPEAN THEATRE. 1914-1924. By *Huntley Carter*. *Doran*. $7.50 net.

THE SCHOOL THEATRE. By *Roy Mitchell*. Brentano's. $1.75.

THE AMERICAN DRAMATIST. By *Montrose J. Moses*. Little, Brown. $3.50 net.

THE ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE. By *Mary Caroline Crawford*. Little, Brown. $4 net.

Economics

HISTORY OF ECONOMIC PROGRESS IN THE UNITED STATES. By *W. W. Jennings*. Crowell. $4.50 net.

WHAT IS INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY? By *Norman Thomas*. New York: League for Industrial Democracy. 15 cents.

LABOR ECONOMICS. By *Solomon Blum*. Holt. $3.25.

PROBLEMS IN HOME ECONOMICS TEACHING. By *Leona F. Bowman*. University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

SHADOWS ON THE PALATINE. By *Wilfranc Hubbard*. Minton, Balch. $2.50.

[illegible] LIFE. By *Rexford Guy [illegible] Paradis Rivera, and Roy E. Stry*. [illegible] Brace. $4.50.

[illegible] OR SOCIALISM. By *Scoville [illegible]* Doubleday $2.

Education

SELECTIONS FROM VOLTAIRE. Edited by [illegible] R. HAVENS. Century. [illegible]

Professor Havens has here undertaken and carried out successfully the difficult task of choosing and collecting into some [illegible] pages, material scattered in more than fifty volumes. He has obtained unity and minimized the effect of scrappiness inherent in any compilation of this sort, by a method of editing which almost makes of the selections illustrative passages of a comprehensive study of Voltaire. There is an excellent Selective Bibliography and a Chronological Outline which improves on Lanson's in giving references to historical as well as literary events. The chronological division into three periods maintains the proper proportions: The Youth of Voltaire, 28 pages; The Middle Period, 208 pages; The Final Period, 193 pages.

The various selections are each preceded by an introduction, the editor having chosen to distribute throughout the text, information generally offered—and rarely accepted by the student—in a formal and extensive introduction. The notes are as full and practical as one could wish and placed where they belong: at the foot of the page. Professor Havens has provided matter for the intelligent study of Voltaire. He has wisely omitted the text of the tragedies, giving merely résumés and criticism. The reviewer's only regret is that the résumés are written in English. The constant change from French to English and English to French is artificial, awkward, and commendable only as a mental gymnastic. What an admirable edition this would be, were the introduction, notes, résumés, criticism all in French!

SELECTIONS, WITH APPRECIATIONS BY POPE, GOLDSMITH, CARLYLE, AND TAINE. Introduction and Notes by AURÉLIEN DIGEON and EDOUARD FANNIERE. Oxford University Press. 1926. $1.25.

The editors of these Selections have set for themselves the not unambitious program of setting forth in 107 pages of text chosen from 52 octavo volumes, "the historical value of Voltaire's work as an epitome of the eighteenth century in France," as well as "the living interest" that still attaches to these extracts "for the reader of the present day." They have succeeded in making an interesting and well edited text, suitable for reading in a "general survey" course. Introduction and notes are good and the appreciations of Voltaire by Pope, Goldsmith, Carlyle, and Taine are particularly valuable.

STUDIES IN RHETORIC AND PUBLIC SPEAKING IN HONOR OF JAMES ALBERT WINANS. By *Pupils and Colleagues*. Century.

EDUCATION. By *E. T. Campagnac*. Pitman. $1.50.

THE SCIENCE OF EVERYDAY LIFE. By *Edgar F. Van Buskirk and Edith Lillian Smith*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

THE ART OF SEEING. By *Charles Herbert Woodbury and Elizabeth Ward Perkins*. Scribners.

WRITING OF TODAY. By *J. W. Cunliffe and Gerhard R. Lomer*. Century. $2.

EL PRESTAMO DE LA DIFUNTA. By *V. Blasco Ibanez*. *Edited by George Baer Fundenburg and John F. Klein*. Century. $1.10.

APPLIED ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By *David Sinclair Burleson*. Allyn & Bacon. 92 cents.

CUENTOS, ROMANCES Y CANTARES. Edited by *Aurelio M. Espinosa*. Allyn & Bacon. 80 cents.

LE PETIT CHOSE. *By Alphonse Daudet. Edited by W. S. Barney*. Allyn & Bacon. 80 cents.

SHAKESPEARE'S "TWELFTH NIGHT." *Edited by Samuel Thurber, J. and Mary Adams*. Allyn & Bacon. 65 cents.

Fiction

THE SWEDES AND THEIR CHIEFTAINS. Translated from the Swedish of Verner von Heidenstamm by CHARLES WHARTON STORK. American-Scandinavian Foundation. 1925. $2.50.

For more than a quarter of a century Verner von Heidenstamm, the Noble Prize Winner of 1916, has chiefly devoted his talents to subjects drawn from Swedish history. Of such sort is "The Tree of the Volkungs," perhaps his best-known work in this country, and the present volume, an abridgment of material twice as long aiming to present to non-Swedish readers the high points of Sweden's history. "The Swedes and Their Chieftains" is designed primarily for youth, though it is written in a manner that to a certain extent may alienate it from young

(*Continued on next page*)

Back To New York

comes the printing of The Saturday Review of Literature. It is essential to the satisfactory publishing of this magazine that the work of the editorial, production, and circulation departments be so arranged as to derive the benefits of close coordination. This is now practicable, and commencing with the issue of February 6th, The Saturday Review of Literature will be published in New York City by the Saturday Review Company, Inc.

The new Board of Directors is composed of Henry S. Canby, Noble A. Cathcart, Roy E. Larsen, John M. Lowrie, William Allen White, and Jesse Lynch Williams.

As formerly, the editors will be Henry S. Canby, Amy Loveman and William Rose Benet, with Christopher Morley as contributing editor. Mr. Canby will be president of the company and Noble A. Cathcart will be the general business manager.

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The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

people, and to a certain extent from their elders; for it lies on middle ground. It is often too simplified and naïve for adults, it is often too literary and unexciting for adolescents. Where young and old should meet in heartiest unanimity is in a couple of rousing and spirited sagas and in the full-blooded stories of two or three really great Swedish heroes. Gustaf Vasa, Gustavus Adolphus, and Charles XIII are inherently good characters for narrative, and in his clear, direct manner Heidenstamm speeds them through pages of exploit which neither boyish impatience nor grown-up sophistication can withstand. So too in their way, but not to the same extent, will one or two stories from the repository of Scandinavian legend hit double targets, for they appeal strongly to the imagination, which is perennial.

Heidenstamm manifests his primary desire to reach a youthful audience in a tale like "At Venerable Upsala," where the unisyllabic method of writing, with its questionable simplifications, gives a brief summary of the lives of several Swedish scientists. Here certainly is something for grown-ups to skip and for boys to find in watery contrast to the tales that precede and follow. The tale which immediately follows, concerning Gustav III, with its climacic assassination at a masquerade, makes very good reading. Of course Heidenstamm has certain notable literary qualities, implicit rather than emphatic in a book like this—qualities of vigor, clearness, vitality, and imagination which are needed to revivify the past as "The Swedes and Their Chieftains" proves itself capable of doing. The technique of the book is simple and orthodox, far removed from the technique of our present-day sophisticated historians; but its aims are far removed also. Here are sagas and battle-pieces and chronicles simple and clear in their architecture and their style. They constitute an effective arrangement of the high points in Sweden's history.

FIREFLY. By DIANA PATRICK. Dutton. 1926. $2.

After about one half of Miss Patrick's novel of adolescence has been read, a person sensitive to such impressions may suffer from the realization that a promising story is going inevitably and wofully to the dogs. The setting for the greater part of it is a city in modern Yorkshire, where we follow the life and growth of a conceited sixteen-year-old boy till he slowly and painfully achieves, at twenty-four, mature consciousness. Various experiences of contacts and emotions, natural to his changing moods and desires, effect the beneficial lowering of his aggravated self-superiority. Occasionally he is hurt sorely, but not beyond repair, although before arriving at his majority the measures employed for tempering him deteriorate to tawdry melodramatics and exaggerations. These unwelcome mediums so increase in number and activity that toward the close there is no trace left of the genuine merits which were liberally evident in the tale's earlier stages.

THE ETERNAL CIRCLE. By JAY WILLIAM HUDSON. Appleton. 1925. $2.

An author who cannot make his people interesting is always doomed to fail. Jay William Hudson is an intelligent, and in view of "Abbé Pierre," a successful novelist, but "The Eternal Circle" is not a good novel because it is not an interesting one. In spots it is amateurish. In others it is incredibly dull. As a whole, it is cast in a mold too large for its own good welfare, and suffers primarily from the way it is narrated. Mr. Hudson, having written a mature, psychological novel of two men and two women in love, entrusts the responsibility of making clear and vital the paths of the lovers to one of their ranks. As he is not a subjective sort of person, there is no reason why Robert Mason should tell the story, because it is objectified in everything but its form.

It is a story almost as tedious as it is intelligent. The number of words wasted by the form chosen for telling it appears almost appalling. Not only are exposition and action retarded, but almost every chapter opens or closes with a little essay on love or virtue. The leisurely method is of course not in itself either unworthy or illegitimate. But it will not function successfully without having one of two things, and preferably both—charm and personality. Mr. Hudson's story-teller has neither, and he lacks them so wofully that he cannot infuse them into the other three characters of the amorous quadrilateral. Dorothy Fleming is bookish, Madeline Worthington is improbable, and Jared Phelps is unattractive. The action of the story is circuitous, but the outcome not very baffling. All these objections can be substantiated by the book itself; and they are too serious in sum to be overlooked for certain apt comprehensions of inner character.

FOLLY. By CLEMENT WOOD. Small, Maynard. 1925. $2.

One asks of romance not that its plot and characters be fundamentally real, but that its method be skilful enough to make them seem so. In the heightened world of the romancer everything in conflict, in pace, in incident, in setting, must be contrived to satisfy the reader as momentarily real; murder, piracy, and heroism must be as convincing as tea-drinking or church-going. Mr. Wood has not made "Folly" convincing. His Folly Leigh, endowed too generously with beauty, wit, and daring even for romance, displays them with so much theatricality and so little conviction that they turn into the attributes of mock-romance, and his black-bearded villain, painted as the vilest of monsters who yet can play the courtier with polished repartee, is almost impossible. The events of the book come in a very artificial sequence; they do not (as they should in any narrative, romance or otherwise) evolve one out of the other. There are two other glaring faults. The first consists of having people always "neatly parry" and "magnificently retort"—but not so well as Mr. Wood declares. The second consists of a deficiency in the making of scenes: nothing could be flatter than the account of Folly's presentation to the King, or less rousing than her duel in the tavern. The book is passably interesting and sometimes reveals the inherent intelligence of the author; but too often it is tricked out in the properties of romantic satire.

SULAMITH. By *Alexander Kuprin*. Translated by *B. Guilbert Guerney*. Adelphi. $2 net.

POISON. By *Lee Thayer*. Doubleday, Page $2 net.

CLOUD CUCKOO LAND. By *Naomi Mitchison*. Harcourt, Brace.

ARICIE BRUN. By *Emile Henriot*. Viking Press. $2.

IN A GERMAN PENSION. By *Katherine Mansfield*. Knopf.

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNGER SON. By *Edward John Trelawny*. Oxford University Press. 80 cents net.

COMES THE BLIND FURY. By *Raymond Escholier*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

YE THAT JUDGE. By *Helen R. Martin*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

UP HILL, DOWN DALE. By *Eden Phillpotts*. Macmillan. $2.

YOUNG SON. By *John G. Brandon*. Brentanos. $2.

THE FARTHING SPINSTER. By *Catherine Dodd*. Doran. $2.50 net.

REX. By *E. F. Benson*. Doran. $2 net.

UNCHANGING QUEST. By *Philip Gibbs*. Doran. $2 net.

COUNTER CURRENTS. By *Elsie Janis*. Putnam. $2.

Government

NEW ASPECTS OF POLITICS. By CHARLES E. MERRIAM. University of Chicago Press. 1925. $2.50.

In Professor Merriam's opinion, the study of politics is not sufficiently scientific. It does not make full use of the contributions of other sciences to modern thought. Specifically, he feels a "lack of comprehensive collections of data regarding political phenomena," a "tendency toward race, class, nationalistic bias in the interpretation of data available" and a "lack of sufficiently precise standards of measurement and of precise knowledge of the sequence of processes." His criticism in places goes to such lengths as to raise the question in the reader's mind of whether political science has yet taken so much as its first step. Thus he remarks; "The prime difficulty lies in the uncertainty as to what are the traits of citizenship which it is desirable to inculcate."

Throughout the volume Professor Merriam stresses the obstacles in the way of a scientific approach to politics until a reader is tempted to advise him to give up the hopeless task. If his object is to stimulate a deeper study of politics, his book may provoke such study by operating as a challenge to fellow-workers in the field. On the other hand, parts of it are likely to strike them as more speculative than scientific and as demanding something like omniscience. A volume giving the results of the kind of research for which Professor Merriam calls and hence serving as a model would be more useful. It may be questioned whether the prime need of political science is not rather insight than data, better interpreters rather than more facts.

History

HISTORY OF IRELAND, 1798-1924. By *Sir James O'Connor*. Doran. 2 vols.

THE STUDENT'S HISTORY OF IRELAND. By *Stephen Gwynn*. Macmillan.

DIPLOMATIC EPISODES. By *William Carey Morey*. Longmans, Green. $2.

PARIS IN THE REVOLUTION. By *G. Lenotre*. Brentanos. $4.50.

International

THE RIDDLE OF THE PACIFIC. By J. MACMILLAN BROWN. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. 1925. $6.

Reviewed by MARGARET MEAD
Columbia University

Professor Brown has certainly exercised rare discrimination in his choice of a subject. Just as the unexplored regions of the Amazon may lawfully be peopled with strange beasts and white Indians, so Easter Island is fair game for fantastically minded scientists. This lonely, barren little island is 2000 miles from the coast of South America, 1000 miles from the nearest land, and that uninhabited. There is no decently plausible explanation for the great statues which ring its coasts. Neither the soil of the island nor the scanty miserable population suggest how a body of workers, disciplined, well fed, and in numbers sufficient to construct these tremendous statues, could have existed there. The additional dramatic detail of the quarry on the mountain side which contains statues in all stages of construction with the rude stone tools of the workmen lying abandoned in their midst, furnishes the final literary justification for Professor Brown's assumptions. The negative statements with which he introduces his phantasy are considered and authentic. Then, having established the mystery, he suggests a surrounding island empire which was suddenly submerged. The thousands of cowed slaves who were working on the statues on Easter Island, which he characterizes as the Westminster Abbey of this lost empire, were left without food and without discipline. Professor Brown then deftly annotates the culture hero myth of the Easter Islanders to provide the next chaper in his romance. Hotu Matua who is credited with the introduction of all edible matter, vegetable and animal, is envisioned as one of the chiefs of the submerged empire, who with a small following established himself on Easter Island, and by one wise piece of legislation after another, ensured to his slender band immunity and food. Viewed in the light of Polynesian ethnology, there are many aspects of this part of the tale which might be termed scientific impudence. One custom after another which is found widely distributed over Polynesia is credited to the wisdom and foresight of this picturesque hero. Such, for example are the abdication of the king before senility, or the protection of the sacred chiefs by the taboo. Many of the pseudo-scientific arguments with which Professor Brown surrounds the story makes it ly inaccurate, as his use of the fact that regular phonetic changes occur in two dialects as proof of continued contact between the groups speaking the dialects in question. Although the book contains a large amount of comparative material furnished by the author's extensive knowledge of other Polynesian groups, the manner in which such material is introduced into the book makes it hard to find and difficult to interpret. The large amount of data about the present Easter Islanders and their culture is also presented as corroborative detail only.

The catastrophic aura with which Professor Brown surrounds the story makes it excellent reading. The book is constructed very much like a movie scenario. The bizarre and sensational paragraph heads which are grouped correctly and pedantically at the beginning of the chapters, only emphasize this melodramatic set. The many illustrations are particularly good and furnish the chief scientific value of the book. And this is said without malice. Professor Brown is within his rights. He was faced by an authentic riddle; he has constructed an amusing and deliciously documented solution.

THE RUHR-LORRAINE INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM. By GUY GREER. Macmillan. 1925. $2.50.

The devastating effects of "politics"—even in its more approved forms—in the orderly progress of economic life can find no better illustration than that supplied by the handling of the Ruhr-Lorraine situation. Here on the one hand are the necessary supplies of coking coal, and on the other highly important deposits of iron ore. But what man in his wisdom does is to draw between them an imaginary line called a political boundary, and on each side of the line he erects customs and other barriers which are highly successful in preventing the coke and the iron ore from being brought together as under every economic dictate they should be brought together. The result is privation and suffering in areas far removed from the Ruhr or from Lorraine. The integration of the Ruhr-Lorraine interests before the War, their violent sundering by the treaty of so-called peace, the tremendous issues involved at the present time, the alternatives that present themselves as ways out—these and other important matters are ably discussed by Mr. Greer who was an expert on the ground during and after the peace negotiations. The book, another in the Institute of Economic Series, adds fresh glory to the work that the Institute is doing.

FROM DAWES TO LOCARNO. By *George Glasgow*. Harpers. $2.50.

Juvenile

THE THREE OWLS. By ANNE CARROLL MOORE. Macmillon. 1925. $2.50.

The delightful articles and stimulating discussion of children's books and reading, appearing each week under the editorship of Anne Carroll Moore in the New York *Herald-Tribune Books* have been here gathered into a volume which is sure to be an important contribution to our talking and thinking on this particular branch of literature.

In her approach to her subject and her enthusiasm and love for its every significant detail Anne Carroll Moore shows that she has much in common with Andrew Lang and E. V. Lucas. Her articles (and all those unsigned are by Miss Moore) are distinguished for their insight, zest, and sympathy as well as for that charm of style so noticeable in "Nicholas," her popular New York Christmas story of two season's ago. Many other interesting people are among the contributors to the book, and we find illuminating articles by authors, artists, critics, booksellers, and librarians, representing their different points of view. The chapters bear such intriguing titles as: "Salt Seas and Salty Books"; "Hans Christian Andersen's Birthday"; "Hallowe'en"; "Robin Hood's Country"; "Poets and Lepracauns"; "The Ageless Child," and many others. Although for the most part the emphasis is laid upon current books and their tendencies, there is plenty of background and comparison with less modern authors.

Altogether it is an excellent volume for reference and especially needed at a time when too many are writing books for children—writing them hurriedly, thoughtlessly and unimaginatively.

IN THE ENDLESS SANDS. By EVELYN AND C. KAY SCOTT. Holt. 1925. $2.

Something quite out of the ordinary in children's books is this fascinating tale of a little boy's adventures when he becomes lost in the Sahara Desert. Perhaps it is unusual because one of the authors is already a brilliant novelist, Evelyn Scott, but more likely, we think, it is because the tale is written with as much excitement and vigor and colorfulness as if it were not intended for boys and girls of nine or ten years. We found it wonderfully absorbing and chronologically speaking we can no longer qualify in the above class! Jackie, the hero, is a real American small boy who loses his way in the great desert. With his dog Papillon and a little Arab girl, Fatma, Jackie has wonderful and varied adventures which he goes through with the fear, zest, and daring of any plucky small boy.

FOLK SONGS OF BOHEMIA. With words and music by Dorothy Cooper and illustrations by M. FISCHEROVA-KOÉCKOVA. New York: Raf. D. Szalatnay, 542 East 79th Street.

This slim volume contains ten Bohemian folk-songs, translated from the Czecho-Slovak, and illustrated in the bright colors characteristic of the land from which they emanate. It is a volume that should charm young folk, with its merry tunes and its gay pictures and decorations.

Miscellaneous

WHEN THE MOVIES WERE YOUNG. By *Mrs. D. W. Griffith*. Dutton. $3.

BRASSEY'S NAVAL AND SHIPPING ANNUAL, 1926. Edited by *Sir Alexander Richardson* and *Archibald Hurd*. London: Clowes.

THE YELLOW-MANED LION. By *Ernest Glanville*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

THEORY OF STRUCTURES. By *H. W. Coultas*. Pitman. $4.50.

THE SUPREME COURT AND MINIMUM WAGE LEGISLATION. *Compiled by the National Consumers' League*. New Republic.

MOTORS IN INDUSTRY. By *Gwendolyn S. Hughes*. New Republic.

JOURNAL OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF SOCIAL SCIENCES. Faxon. $2.

HISTORICAL MATERIALISM. By *Nikolai Buhdarin*. International. $3.25.

LEGATION STREET. By *Lenox Fane*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

THE REGION CLOUD. By *Percy Lubbock*. Scribners. $2.50.

EYES THAT SEE NOT. By *E. L. Southwick*. Siebel. $2.

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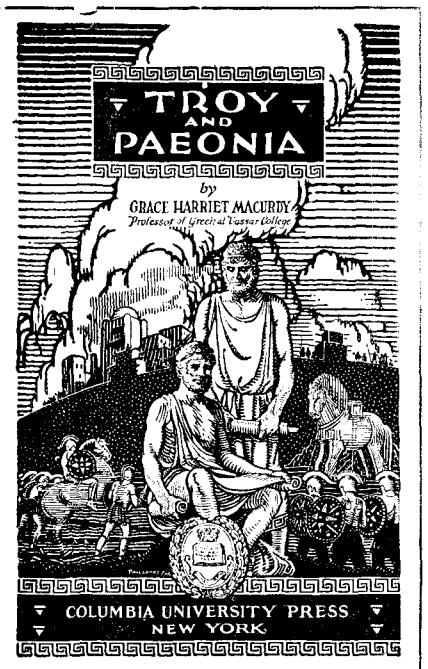

Glimpses of the culture, religion and history of ancient Balkan tribes which built the walls of Troy in the centuries illuminated by the poems of Homer.

"Out of some fifty books on Homeric subjects which have been published in the last few years, I should put this among the first half dozen."—*Sir Gilbert Murray.*

pp. xi + 259. *Just Published.* $3.75

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Philosophy

QUO VADIMUS? Some Glimpses of the Future. By E. E. FOURNIER D'ALBE Dutton. 1925. $1.

The shock of the great war has given a new birth to the minor prophets. Dr. Fournier d'Albe first asks himself whether there is much chance of any future for the human race and having answered that question in the affirmative he proceeds to contemplate the changes that will take place as the centuries and millenia roll on. He anticipates a reasonable degree of stability in a world governed by the *élite*. He describes probable changes in transport and communications, privacy, clothing, children, education, labor, government, all to be expected within a century. Even beyond that some forecasts are ventured. The whole outlook is suggestive and on the whole hopeful.

CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGY. By LOUIS E. BISCH. Baltimore: Williams & Wilkins Co. 1925. $3.

THE INHERITANCE OF MENTAL DISEASES. By ABRAHAM MYERSON. The same. $5.

The scientific study of the normal human mentality is tremendously difficult; introspection—on first thought the certain road to discovery—seems to have hindered progress about as much as it has helped, and behaviorism while sufficiently objective wilfully blinds itself to whole fields of obviously psychic phenomena. Thus it is not surprising that those who have looked to psychology for an explanation of why the human animal acts as he does in daily life have felt a keen disappointment and often voiced it in raucous tones. While there have appeared of late encouraging signs that the "new psychology" is getting at mysteries hitherto impenetrable, it is in the realm of the abnormal, the atypical, the diseased, that the most striking and practically applicable discoveries have been made. Here, if not in the more general branch of the subject, the not too hostile observer can feel a certain confidence in the data, the formulations, the theories, and the recommendations of those who are laboring in the vineyard.

The two books under review bear witness to the good work which the abnormal psychologists are doing. They are clear, intelligible to the general reader, and highly informative, although written in very bad English and full of minor misprints. They have, moreover, a special interest in that they stand opposed, on the whole, regarding the inheritance of mental defectiveness. This question is sociologically so important that it is necessary to examine carefully the data, the reasoning, and the prejudices of those who treat it.

Dr. Bisch's book is a practical manual. In it the reader will find clear definitions —amentia, dementia, the psychoses, etc.— definitions important for anyone who is interested in education, criminology, maladjustment, eugenics, or psychotherapy. There is a great store of clinical information, tabulated and in the form of case histories, intelligently arranged so as to aid in the recognition and study of individual cases. Such topics as mental testing, types of defect, treatment, inheritance, and social problems are discussed in brief outline.

Practically all investigators (says the author) who have made a thorough study of the causative factors of congenital amentia have come to the same conclusion, namely, that the primary and fundamental cause is to be found in heredity.

Following this statement Bisch points out how the Mendelian principles apply to the inheritance of mental enfeeblement, and in a later chapter, on social problems, emphasizes the importance of such eugenic measures as segregation and sterilization. He concludes that "to chronic and incurable cases of mental disease of whatever kind the laws of eugenics should be applied." This full recognition of the hereditary factor in mental pathology does not involve any slighting of the many environmental circumstances that may give rise to defectiveness; in fact, the author devotes most of his attention to arrested and retarded cases. This book, while not profound or strikingly original, is well balanced and reliable; and it will undoubtedly become a standard work of reference. Dr. Myerson's book, aside from the brief definitions and descriptions of mental states which are included, is very different. It is primarily controversial and devoted to an attack upon all those whose studies lead them to give preponderating weight to the hereditary factor in mental deficiency. In particular there is a long and passionate denunciation of the "Davenport school" and of all who believe in the inheritance of "predisposing constitutions," such as lack of resistance to specific infections or a tendency to weaken before the complexities of civilization.

Where (says the author) a definite and direct etiological cause is found for a condition, hereditary factors are of no essential importance, and it is clinical wisdom not to be over-subtle in dealing with the more or less hypothetical predisposition. . . . In fact I suspect an inferiority complex in the ready use of heredity as explanatory of many conditions.

But it is precisely the effect of some predisposing cause (often manifest throughout a family tree) that alone can account for the disparity between the small number of cases and the multitudes exposed to the "direct etiological causes."

Like so many other critics of Davenport, Myerson seems to have but a faint notion of

(*Continued on next page*)

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Mrs Becker, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

AN ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE. By William Stanley Braithwaite. Brimm.

YARK TOWER. By Francis Brett Young. Knopf.

THE MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN. By Himself and His Wife. Winston).

L. E. P., who knows Sir Walter Raleigh's essay in "Some Authors" (Oxford) and Unamuno's books, asks if there are other criticisms or appreciations of "Don Quixote" in print in English.

THE head of the column of the long procession of Cervantist commentary is now taken—and turned in an unaccustomed direction—by Miguel de Unamuno, indomitable professor of Salamanca, with his cult of Quixotism as the national religion. "What does it matter to me," says he, "what Cervantes intended or did not intend to put into it and what he actually did put into it? What is living in it is what I myself discover in it . . . and what we all put into it. I wanted to hunt down our philosophy in it." This he does not only in his "Vida de Don Quijote y Sancho, explicada y commentada" (Fé, Madrid, 1905) but with even wider and deeper application in "Del Sentimiento Tragico de la Vida," of which a translation, "The Tragic Sense of Life in Men and in Peoples," is published by Macmillan. Turgeniev uses the character of the Don, Unamuno's "our sublime fool and our exemplar," in his comparison of Hamlet and Quixote types of national psychology. There are studies of "Don Quixote" in the Ticknor and Fitzmaurice Kelly histories of Spanish literature for English readers, in Rudolph Schevill's "Cervantes" (Duffield), in the "Literary Essays" of G. E. Woodberry (Harcourt, Brace)—his "Great Writers," which included Cervantes, is out of print—,in "My Literary Passions," by William Dean Howells (Harpers), and in the essay "Don John of Austria," in Dr. Maclaurin's "Post Mortem" (Doran), in which he traces his name and at least the basic suggestion for some of his personal traits to Don Quixada, foster father of Don John, under whom Cervantes fought at Lepanto. The facts in the life of Cervantes are set down in the most scholarly of his biographies in English, "Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra: a Memoir" (Oxford University Press), and in "Main Currents of Spanish Literature" (Holt), J. D. M. Ford pays especial attention to his short stories and plays.

L. W., St. Louis, remembering that the R. G. attended, in London this summer, the stage performance of Lytton Strachey's only play, "The Son of Heaven," asks if it has appeared in print.

SO far as I can discover, it has not; I hope that this statement may be contradicted as promptly as most of my mistakes are, for I should like to go over again the pungent speeches of the Chinese Empress Dowager, delivered by Miss Gertrude Kingston with the methods of Catherine of Russia and the manner of Victoria of England. But I can find no record save of two special performances at the Scala Theatre, July 12-13, 1925, under the auspices of the Civic and Dramatic Guild, and with most of the actors from Cambridge University.

E. F. D., Philadelphia, asks "if you were getting one of the many books about Lincoln, for a family library, which would it be?"

FOR any kind of a library it would be Carl Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln: the Prairie Years;" the publication date is February 4, (Harcourt, Brace), but I write far enough ahead of that to have a chance before me, once I have swept through these two magnificent volumes at the speed to which their power compels me, to go back and get the savor of pages and paragraphs that I caught in going by. I was prepared for a poet's vision, but I did not hope for such documentation. It is a book good for a lifetime.

E. N. W., Ann Arbor, Mich., asks if there are histories of the world's travel literature, or booklists with critical appraisals.

HAS all the world taken to the road, or are steamboat and railway folders this season so alluring, that I should be sending out with every mail this month letters full of advice to intending travelers? Sometimes they want books to take along, sometimes to use in plotting routes; even more often they are for historical or legendary background. I never saw a history of the development of travel literature, but should anyone decide to use this subject for a thesis there would be no end of documentation. Even a general reader interested in such matters would find books of recent date and pleasantly written enough to make a history of the world from the traveller's angle. "Roman Private Life and Its Survivals," by Walter B. McDaniel (Marshall Jones), has a section on travel, and so I suppose has the corresponding volume in this series of "Our Debt to Greece and Rome," Charles B. Gulick's "Greek Private Life," though this I have not seen. One of the paper-bound "Helps for Students" imported by Macmillan is E. L. Guilford's "Travels and Travelling in the Middle Ages." "The Grand Tour in the Eighteenth Century," by William Edward Mead (Houghton Mifflin), is a compilation of experiences with roads, inns, routes, companions, and the like, and to this perennially interesting branch of the subject there has just been a sparkling addition in Miss Cleone Knox's "Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion in the Year 1764-1765" (Appleton). This piquant and outspoken young person was bundled off on the Grand Tour to banish her regret and supplant the memory of an all-too-charming gentleman; the publication of her impressions of life and society has been one of the excitements of the London literary season, for the critics have been busy attacking its authenticity. Allan Nevin's "American Social History as Recorded by British Travellers" (Holt), covers the generations of our national life and records successive waves of transatlantic opinion: Charles H. Sherrill's "French Memories of Eighteenth Century American" (Scribner), is another illuminating collection of foreign reports. For the earlier expeditions, sources are indicated in a recent book of high value to the collector, Milton Waldman's "Americana" (Holt). This large and lordly-looking volume names the documents, narratives, histories of prime value to the expert on Americana, and gives enough of a taste of their quality to interest not only collectors, but anyone concerned with our social and political development; it keeps track of prices and has many facsimile illustrations.

I have not space for the journals—though I cannot keep away from naming the "Journal of Madame Knight," designed and printed by Bruce Rogers (Small, Maynard), —which preserve experiences of early American travel, but two books must be included for the amount of ground they cover as well as for their quality. The journeyings of the Roget family are recorded entertainingly by S. R. Roget in a picturesquely illustrated octavo, "Travel in the Two Last Centuries of Three Generations" (Appleton)—a title, by the way, that I never dare to quote unless it is under my eyes—,"Steamboat Days," by Fred Erving Dayton (Appleton), may look uninviting, in spite of its excellent pictures, to one who ruffles its many closely but clearly printed pages. But only if you have lived all your life away from rivers or the Lakes or the Sound: if you have never waved to the *Mary Powell* or leaned from the crowded heights of the *Priscilla* to someone on the pier for that long embrace of the eyes after the gang-plank comes aboard. Whenever I think of my father I see him looking up, taller than anyone on the Fall River Line pier, with his beautiful Burnsides, loving us with his eyes to the last. He looked so every summer when we tore ourselves away for a New England vacation; those steamboats are drenched with memories. So, I suppose, are all the steamboats of America; there will be many a reader who will send for this book because I've written this, to find if his own old boat is in it.

There are several book-lists of travel, but the best I know is the one prepared by Josephine Rathbone and issued by the American Library Association, Randolph St., Chicago, "Viewpoints in Travel," which like all the excellent "Viewpoint" series has illuminating comments on well-chosen books. "Arm-Chair Travels" is the manual of a reading-course arranged by Charles B. Shaw of the North Carolina College for Women and published by them at Greensboro, N. C. And in "A Reader's Guide Book," by May Lamberton Becker (Holt), there is a section called "The World Tour" in which books about travel are gathered by countries.

Besides books for young people like "How We Travel," by J. F. Chamberlain (Macmillan) and "How the World Travels," by F. G. Carpenter (A.B.C.), there are "The Steamship Conquest of the World" and "The Railway Conquest of the World," by F. A. Talbot (Lippincott), to indicate another method of approach; you could gather world-tours made by men of varied occupations, "This World of Ours," by James Herbert Curle (Doran), thirty-eight countries as seen by a mining engineer; "Round the World," by F. H. Butler (Stokes), the journeyings of an American business man; Kipling's "Letters of Travel" (Doubleday, Page), as a journalist; a missionary's travels in Jean Kenyon Mackenzie's "Black Sheep" (Houghton Mifflin), and the double record of a walking tour in the Rockies preserved by Stephen Graham in "Tramping with a Poet" (Appleton) and by Vachel Lindsay in "Going to the Sun" (Appleton). You can study personality as revealed against an unaccustomed background in Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" and "Roughing It" (Harper), and in Theodore Dreiser's "A Traveller at Forty" (Century). And you can spend as much time as you have and be sure of a tremendous return with Hermann Keyserling's "Travel Diary of a Philosopher" (Harcourt, Brace), whose publication in an English translation has been one of the events of our book year.

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I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work saleable.

Send for my circular. I am closely in touch with the market for books, short stories, articles and verses, and I have a special department for plays and motion pictures,

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Points of View

A Serious Question

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Surely the letter of John M. Kline, in your issue of December 19th, speaks for a large number of increasingly restless novel-readers.

Without wishing to underrate the painstaking sincerity of those fiction-writers, domestc and *imported*, who have created a school of modern realism, I would like to ask: must one, in order to be naturalistic, be necessarily dull?

William Lyon Phelps once said a mouthful when in a literary lecture, he referred to the School of Nothing Doing. The modernists' beloved "cross-section of life," were it canvassed among my friends who have dutifully persevered in reading outstanding examples of Freudianized or photographically naturalistic fiction, would reveal a group of people who are fed up with the School of Nothing Doing.

Let me pose the query as to why in this, the youngest of all countries, hardly emerged from the pioneering era, should there flourish such a highly self-conscious, faithfully drab, event-excluding method of portraying life through fiction? Why are many of our outstanding novels so sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought as to lose the name of action? Why so very old before we have hardly ceased being so very young?

After all, realism is merely the process of realizing something; yet how much would a Nothing Doing novelist make his reader realize about, say, a prize-fight? We would be treated to the champ's recollections of how, twelve years ago, his woman said to him, "I'm gonna call you Punch." We would pursue his imaginings as he pictured himself delivering the knock-out punch in the forthcoming battle. There would be a psycho-analysis of Spike McGee, the trainer, and of that old jingle, "Punch, brothers, punch, punch with care!" which, oddly, kept running through his mind. Vague references to cigar-[illegible] blazing lights [illegible] Smells of liquor, But with all [illegible]" the story would [illegible], the solar-plexus stuff, presently the reader would say, "Oh hell!" and slam the book, and go off to a real prize-fight.

There is also the Celluloid School, whose followers would write: "Battered, blood-blinded, dazed, Biff struggled ot his knees, then fell prone, while a girl's scream from amid the spectators told that Stella, in her male attire, had witnessed the fadeout of her hopes." And there is the Marshmallow School, which bars fictional prize-fights and contents itself with sentiments surrounding Milly and her once-puglistic adorerer, and his uplift through womanly influence. And there are others. But for some years the School of Nothing Doing has had 'em all up against the ropes and a bit groggy, so to speak.

Are we moving forwards or backwards? Presently will color-novels be thrown on a screen, with a pale blue shimmer representing the heroine's virtue, and a sinister scarlet streak representing the villian's vice, and a blob of deep purple symbolizing her unfortunate lapse? Or, on the other hand, will some courageous group inaugurate an honest-to-goodness School of Something Doing.

Latterly fiction has thrust its camera into the heroine's face; we have come to apperceive her through a microscope, a stethoscope and Binet tests. Why not, for a change, the old-fashioned telescope? Perhaps by aiming it at far horizons the novelist might even rediscover the bird whose wings are earth-brown underneath and sky-blue above. I mean the elusive spirit of—dear me, how unmodish the word sounds!—of Romance.

MELVILLE CHATER

New York City.

Hobo Type

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

I wish to quarrel with the Hobo type which is extensively used in your advertising columns. My quarrel must be with the aesthetic taste of the man who uses it, and to disparage a man's taste is an act second in audacity only to the belittling of his sense of humor.

Yet I cannot help feeling, with Cabell, that the lily is a more applaudable bulb than the onion; going beyond Cabell, I fail to recall a single bulb less applaudable than the onion.

To put my statement as mildly as possible, Hobo, the onion of type fonts, may not be so bad—may indeed have its good features—but what excuse is there for choosing it when so many better things are offered? For the sake of tolerance I am willing to admit that there is a worse font than Hobo in use, although I have not seen it; but there are a wealth of original and re-cut faces, suited to all advertising purposes, that hold preference. Goudy, Bodoni Swash, Florentine Old Face No. 2, Renner, MacFarland, Troy and Chaucer, Borussian—all these are fonts practically free from defects, no two at all similar. They range from the distinctive to the ornate. Yet they are all in good taste. In addition, they represent a mere fraction of the faces available.

The features that I consider defective in Hobo follow:

Too little variation in line thickness. An unbalanced line of set type, lower case, due to the retention of "ascenders" and the elimination of "descenders." That is, the tops of l, h, t, etc. project above the average height, while the tails of g, y, p, etc. do not project below to balance. The general inspiration for the type is manuscript uncil; yet several of the best uncil letters have been changed to an extent that makes them unrecognizable as derivations of the original. These are a, g, p, y. Others have less important, but still unfortunate, variations. The bizarre shape of certain characters attracts the eye away from the meaning of the word to the contemplation of the individual letter, the most unforgivable fault in any font. a, g, p, y, are again the worst offenders. Many of the letters are entirely lacking in grace, notably the lower case l and the upper case I. The f and t are almost indistinguishable. The upper and lower case o's are very dissimilar, a cause of some confusion. The u. c. N attempts unsuccessfully to combine Roman and uncil.

It would be quite possible to fill another page with specific criticisms of the letters and the effect they make. It is almost needless to point out that Hobo has the standard faults of bad fonts, such as lack of harmony under all possible combinations of letters.

But I will close my case with a comparison of two modern fonts, Hobo and Goudy, one very bad, one excellent. The latter, like most of the good modern fonts, is available in a variety of cuts for various purposes.

A. C. LAING

Pelham Manor, N. Y.

The Art Spirit

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Among the books not known to the general bookish public, that should be read and re-read is "The Art Spirit," by Robert Henri (Lippincotts) which has gone into two editions but which should be a steady best seller all the time. It is one of the great text-books on real Americanism.

It is also, incidentally, the best comment possible on the total work of George Bellows, for Henri by these teachings made Bellows, as much as a teacher can make any man.

VACHEL LINDSAY.

New Books

Philosophy

(*Continued from preceding page*)

what the leader of American eugenics really believes and teaches; it is high time that critics ceased to attack positions assumed in papers written nearly fifteen years ago and to quote and heroically demolish, as Davenport's current opinions, select anachronisms from "Heredity in Relation to Eugenics," published in 1911. A similar preoccupation with the past seems to underlie the extended attack on the field worker as diagnostician. Whatever may have been the case, the field agent no longer makes diagnoses, he simply collects information to be evaluated and employed according to circumstances.

In the second part of his work Myerson presents his data, his pedigree charts, even such conclusions as "dementia praecox breeds true" and "the moron ..... is likely to come from defective stock"; and then passes on to what seems to the reviewer a rather biased criticism of the various students who find evidence of Mendelian inheritance of mental disease. Myerson appears to be unaware of some recent developments, for he quotes without remark Davenport's early view of recessive traits as due to the absence of a factor; and indeed the footnote on page 283 leads one to doubt whether he understands modern Mendelism at all. But he is chiefly concerned in showing that the data cannot support Mendelian formulation, a concern which becomes quite intelligible in the light of a later section devoted to support of the doctrine of the inheritance of acquired characteristics. Even the discredited work of Tower is brought in, along with the uncorroborated and variously interpreted experiments of Guyer and Smith and of Little. The author adopts "blastophoria," i.e., germplasm injury, as his working hypothesis. He believes that "civilization is syphilization" and that unfavorable conditions of living do more harm by injuring hereditary material than they do good through their selective effects.

All this is highly controversial; there seems to be something in the general question of hereditary traits in the human animal that arouses deep-seated emotional bias that may be traced back, perhaps, to racial sources. It is a good thing to insist, as Myerson does, on the precise differentiation of mental states that have often been too crudely lumped together; but it is impossible to argue away the evidence that mental traits, like all others, are subject to the Mendelian rules, insofar as they are inherited and however they may arise. The conditions are extremely complex, but Mendelian analysis cannot for that reason be abandoned.

Poetry

THE SOUL OF WIT. A Choice of English Verse Epigrams made by GEORGE ROSTREVOR HAMILTON. Putnam. 1925. $1.75.

Mr. Hamilton has undertaken to winnow the English-speaking world's stock of verse-epigrams from the early Seventeenth Century onward. He contends that it is useless to attempt to establish "any precise definition of the epigram." In his selection he has proceeded, rightly, according to his own personal taste. He wishes his book to stand as a sort of challenge.

But we do not intend to thieve from Mr. Hamilton's provocative and informative introduction. His theories concerning particular epigrammatic verse, his inclusions and exclusions, will arouse certain objections. It remains that his choices are interesting and intelligent. They are parcelled out as "Mainly Humorous and Satirical," "Mainly Gallant," "Mainly Critical," "Mainly Romantic," and so on. They range from Raleigh's verses before death down to selections from Robert Graves and J. C. Squire. They contain such fine modern work as A. E. Housman's "Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries" and such great elder verse as Landor's "Dirce." John Banister Tabb seems to be the only American included. The little book fits the pocket and is worth adding to any poetic library.

WINE, WOMEN, AND SONG. Mediæval Latin Students' Songs. Translated with an Essay by J. A. SYMONDS. Oxford University Press. 1925. $1.85.

This is Vol. XXVI of The Mediæval Library, published under the general editorship of Sir Israel Gollancz. John Addington Symonds dedicated it to Robert Louis Stevenson in 1884. It is in reality a long essay interspersed with copious quotations from the finest poems and songs of the period. An excellent contribution to pure literature.

BORDER BALLADS. Selected and Decorated with Woodcuts by DOUGLAS PERCY BLISS. Oxford University Press. 1925. $5.

Herbert J. C. Grierson furnishes a foreword to this book. The text of all of the poems included is taken from "The Oxford Book of Ballads." The interest of this otherwise rather superorogatory selection consists entirely in Mr. Bliss's decorations for the volume, which are striking and strange. To our mind they are pervaded by the true spirit of the old ballads. Mr. Grierson in his preface comments upon them and upon the old ballads intelligently. "Here," he says, "is just so much of illustration as I for one can tolerate beside a ballad—brief glimpses into that strange world of the popular imagination which the ballads evoke, not realistic, charged with atmosphere, dream-like, imaginative, almost symbolic, yet with touches of homely, even humorous detail."

LES FLEURS DU MAL OF CHARLES BAUDELAIRE. Translated by *Lewis Piaget Shanks*. Holt. $3.
LO STUDENTE. By *Samual Walter Kelley*. Cleveland, Hauser.
NARGAS. By *Bhai Vir Singh*. Translated by *Puran Singh*. Dutton. $2.
O JOURNEY AGAIN. By *Helen Ward Thompson*. Atlanta, Ga., Hubbard & Hancock.
THE WEARY BLUES. By *Langston Hughes*. Knopf. $2 net.

Religion

MY EDUCATION AND RELIGION. By GEORGE A. GORDON. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $4.

A childhood in Scotland, young manhood in New England, a pastorate of over forty years in a single Boston parish, Dr. Gordon's life has not been eventful, but it has been rich in the experiences that are of universal human interest. He selects two main factors, education and religion, construing each term somewhat broadly. The former includes for him the discipline of experience; the latter, insight into life's meaning. Throughout the book one finds not so much an intimate revelation of personal experiences as a dignified and mature discussion of life, essays for which incident and anecdote from Dr. Gordon's contacts with other men provide merely text and illustration. As essays on human life the book is most admirable—a compound of Scotch quaintness and humor, of the best of humanistic culture, and of the power to see life whole and to drink deeply of its joys and sorrows. The pictures of the rigors of a Scotch boyhood at the beginning, and of the amenities of life among religious and intellectual leaders of New England at the end, give Dr. Gordon's book considerable permanent historical value. Its beauty of diction and brightness of style should give it equally permanent value as *belles lettres*.

GREAT CANADIAN PREACHING. By *W. Harold Young*. Doran, $2 net.
CAMEOS FROM CALVARY. By *Rev. J. W. G. Ward*. Doran. $2 net.
JEWISH INFLUENCE ON CHRISTIAN REFORM MOVEMENTS. By *Louis Israel Newman*. Columbia University Press. $7.50.
THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD. By *Lewis Richard Farnell*. Oxford University Press. $4.25 net.
WHAT MY RELIGION MEANS TO ME. By *Edgar A. Guest*. Reilly & Lee.
THE GLORY OF GOD. By *T. Abrams*. Oxford University Press.

Science

THE RIDDLE OF THE EARTH. By *Appian Way*. Brentanos. $2.50.
THE ORIGIN, NATURE AND INFLUENCE OF RELATIVITY. By *George David Birkhoff*. Macmillan.

Travel

MOTORING IN FRANCE. By R. R. GORDON-BARRETT. Brentano's. 1925. $3.

Increasingly are the authors of travel books recommending the use of the automobile. The sceptic may attribute this to an unwholesome desire to cover the maximum amount of ground in the minimum amount of time, decrying the superficial attitude of the American tourist abroad. Yet one who carefully analyzes this type of travel book has little difficulty in discovering the motive of this comparatively new variety of courier. Automobiling enables the traveller to reach places off the beaten track and to discover for himself the half-forgotten spots which timetables and tourist agencies so consistently overlook.

This small book on France will convince the most apathetic motorist that the way to see the French country is to hire a car, on landing, from the R. A. C. or the A. A. or, better still, to take his own with him. R. R. Gordon-Barrett writes with freedom of the joys of the open road and makes the confirmed railroad traveller feel that his previous trips have been little more than a prosaic, stuffy ride from one well-known spot to another.

The book, however, is far more than a mere eulogy of automobile travel and a description of the out-of-the-way scenes that elude one who travels by train. Facts are skilfully woven together with fancies, and routes, itineraries, distances, costs, equipment, technicalities, and the climate and physical aspects of France are all discussed in detail, in the introductory section. The volume contains a good map (although not a road map), charts and diagrams, excellent photographs, and a complete index. There is in addition an invaluable alphabetically arranged list of three hundred French towns, with a brief description of each.

The body of the book is given up to the various French provinces which best lend themselves to an automobile tour. The Riviera section is fully covered and there are further chapters on Brittany, the Rhône valley, Provence, Savoie, the Basque country, châteaux land and the Loire. The one serious fault of the book is its failure to include a section on Normandy, the point of departure for most American tourists.

"Motoring in France" is not a volume to be read before sailing in an eleventh hour attempt to secure local color. It is rather a book to take on the trip and consult daily, even if the author's advice is disregarded and we fall back on the *chemin de fer*.

(*Continued on page 536*)

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK [illegible]

FIRST EDITIONS SELL WELL.

RARE first editions of famous [illegible] of the sixteenth to the twentieth century, English and American, together with inscribed copies, authors' manuscripts, publications of the Grolier Club, Bibliophile Society, Kelmscott, Nonesuch, and other presses, including the library of Sara and Alfred L. Bernheim, and selections from the library of Dr. Perceval M. Barker, were sold at the American Art Galleries, January 14 and 15, 835 lots bringing $40,759. All three sessions were well attended, bidding was spirited, and prices generally high. Collectors interested in first editions of modern authors will find this one of the outstanding sales of the season.

The highest price, $3,525, was paid for the first issue of the first edition of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," 3 vols, 8vo, mottled calf by Pratt, London, 1719—1720. This is the well known Lord Amherst—Walter T. Wallace copy. Next comes the excessively rare first edition of Gray's "Elegy Wrote in a Country Churchyard," 4to, red levant by Reviere, London, 1751, which brought $3,300. The E. K. Butler copy of the first edition of Edward Fitzgerald's translation of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," small 4to, in original wrappers, London, 1859, sold for $1,700. The original manuscript of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Wedding Knell," written in ink on seven quarto pages, comprising about 5,000 words, in morocco slip case, brought $1,260.

Other representative lots and the prices realized were the following:

Burton (Richard F.). "Arabian Nights," 10 vols., also the "Supplemental Nights," 6 vols., together, 16 vols., royal 8vo, original gilt cloth, Benares, 1885-88. The genuine first issue of this famous translation. $265.

Beaumont and Fletcher. "The Wild Goose Chase," folio, vellum, uncut, London, 1652. First issue of the first edition. $160.

Blake (William). "For the Sexes, The Gates of Paradise," small folio in sheets, no date. First edition, large paper copy, third state. $400.

Browning (Elizabeth Barrett). "Sonnets," 16mo, morocco by Reviere, Reading, 1847. First edition, fine copy, $605.

Bryant (William Cullen). "Popular Considerations on Homoeopathia," 8vo, original wrappers, New York, 1841. Presentation copy, only two other copies known. $380.

Bunyan (John). "The Holy War," 16mo, uncut, levant, London, 1682. The John L. Clawson copy of the rare first edition. $750.

Burton (Robert F.). "The Kasidah," [illegible] and [illegible] Rose [illegible] Stanzas of [illegible] Third editions of [illegible] ase, London, [illegible] Byron items, apparently [illegible] copy known is owned [illegible] Wise $480.

[illegible] "Works," 18 vols., 8vo, [illegible] London, 1925. Fine set of the first [illegible] editions. $185.

Hooker and Webster's "North-Ward Hoe," [illegible] 4to, levant by Macdonald, London, [illegible] First edition. $360.

Defoe (Daniel). "Moll Flanders," 12mo, mottled calf, London, 1721. Fine copy of rare first edition. $875.

Galsworthy (John). Original manuscript of "Windows," 189 pp., 4to, Santa Barbara, Cal., 1920-21. $800.

Goldsmith (Oliver). "The Vicar of Wakefield," 2 vols., 12mo, original calf, Salisbury, London, 1766. First edition. $500.

Hugo (Victor). "Works," 30 vols., 8vo, morocco, Boston, 1892. Holland paper edition. $425.

Keats (John). "Lamia," etc., 12mo, levant by David, London, 1820. First edition, the Hoe copy. $460.

Kipling (Rudyard). "Works," 24 vols., royal 8vo, morocco, London, 1913-19. The Bombay edition. $810.

Meredith (George). Collected set, including the rare volume of "Poems," 51 vols., 12mo and 16mo, polished calf, London and Westminster, 1851-1901. First editions. $625.

Milton (John). "Paradise Lost," small 4to, morocco by Bedford, London, 1667. First edition with second title page. $525.

Montaigne (Michel de). "Essayes," translated by John Florio, folio, vellum, London, 1603. First edition printed in English. $950.

Shakespeare. "The Two Noble Kinsmen," small 4to, levant by Bedford, London, 1634. Herschel V. Jones copy of the first edition. $750.

Shelley (Percy Bysshe). "The Revolt of Islam," 8vo, morocco, London, 1817. First issue of the first edition. $550.

Stevenson (Robert Louis). "New Arabian Nights," 2 vols., 12mo, cloth, London, 1882. First edition. $490.

Stevenson. "A Martial Elegy for Dead Soldiers," 12mo, broadside, in case, Davos, 1882. $220.

Stevenson. "Kidnapped," map, 12mo, original cloth, uncut, London, 1886. First edition. $400.

Thoreau (Henry D.). "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac River," 12mo, cloth, entirely unopened, Boston, 1849. First edition, very fine copy. $425.

THE CLINTON PAPERS.

THE Clinton Papers have been acquired by William L. Clements and added to the William L. Clements Library at Michigan University. The announcement was made on December 29 that these papers would soon be available for research workers. These historical papers include the papers of George Clinton, father of General Sir Henry Clinton, who was governor of the Province of New York from 1741 to 1751, but the main bulk of the correspondence is in the papers of General Sir Henry Clinton written during his command in North America between 1775 and 1782; there are also many personal letters of subsequent date. Finally the collection includes the papers of William Henry Clinton, the son of Sir Henry Clinton. American history before the Revoluton is recorded in the papers of the elder Clinton, for one of his earliest records is of a grant of the freedom of the City of New York issued in 1743. After he was appointed governor of the Province, his correspondence increased through the discussion of Indian affairs and the French and Indian War. One of the early documents is the original agreement of the commissioners of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New York touching mutual defence of the frontiers against the French and Indians in 1747. The first clause in this document agrees on an expedition against Crown Point. In the next year Governor Clinton sent home a fifteen page résumé of the conditions of the Province which is most enlightening. The three Indian documents, with signature marks of the Catawbas and Mohawks, signed in 1746 and 1753, would bring a thrill of imagination to even the young student. The French and Indian War is particularly well covered by the documents, which include letters to the secretary of the British treasury, to the governors of the provinces, and statements concerning the pay of officers and the presents given to the Indians. It is hard to conceive that the Indians wrote letters but the collection contains communications from the Indian chiefs with their signature marks. In this group of papers is a letter from General Shirley to Governor Clinton giving in full his plan for the attack upon Canada together with the comments of Clinton and Golden upon that plan. There are seventy papers relating chiefly to the expedition to Canada containing official instructions and among them is Stoddard's journal, containing information against Crown Point and Montreal. One of the most important and significant items in the Clinton collection is a hitherto unpublished history of the Revolutionary War prepared on his return by General Clinton to be submitted to the British Ministry. For some reason it was deemed inadvisable to publish the account as given in this draft and a revised and in many cases a markedly different account was eventually submitted to the British public by General Clinton.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

A MONUMENT to Edmond Rostand, the author-playright of "Cyrano de Bergerac" fame, is to be erected in Paris instead of Marseilles, his native town. American subscriptions have already been made.

The Bible is said to have been translated into 827 languages and the end is by no means in sight yet. There have been 260 languages added since the beginning of the present century and more translations are now being made and under consideration.

The information comes from Berlin that the quaint cottage in which Martin Luther was born in 1483 at Eisleben has been transferred by the city to the Evangelical Church. The cottage is in a remarkably fine state of preservation. Though owned by the City of Eisleben, the Prussian government has been appropriating funds for its upkeep for more than a hundred years. The church now assumes the responsibility of the care of the property.

C. H. Brewitt-Taylor, formerly of the Chinese Maritime Customs, has translated, and a firm of English publishers in Shanghai has published, the "San Kuo," or "The Three Kingdoms," China's most famous book of historical romances. The work was written during the Tuan dynasty; each of its one hundred and twenty chapters presents the complete story of some famous historical personage of China.

The Salad Bowl

What is new to man is the growing realization that his emotional life is a region that is foreign to him—a region full of fear, superstition, personal interests, and old habituations. And with it there slowly comes the intimation that, in the face of this undiscovered wilderness of his own emotions, his thinking is not thinking after all but rather the evasion of thought.
—*Mental Health*, a leaflet published by The Mental Hygiene Society, Baltimore.

As I came home I went to see poor Charles Barnard's books, which are to be sold by auction, and I itch to lay out nine or ten pounds for some fine editions of fine authors. But I shall let it slip, as I usually do all such opportunities.
—Swift, *Journal to Stella.*

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The Phoenix Nest

A WHILE ago, in the interests as we saw it of good book-making, we remarked upon the bad printing of the "Lives of the Rakes," published by Brentano's. Whereupon we received a very courteous letter from that firm telling us that they were on the point of rejecting the entire lot of sheets (the books are imported) as they did not come up to the Brentano standard, but were obliged to accept them in order to keep faith with customers who expected the book for Christmas. * * * In view of this fact, it is a pleasure today to commend to you Brentano's new edition of "The History of Tom Jones," an edition limited to one thousand copies in the United States. The price of this volume is ten dollars. The printing was done in England by *Walter Lewis* at the Cambridge University Press. The illustrations in color are by *Rowland Wheelwright*, who signs each copy. * * * This is a beautiful book, a sumptuous edition. If you are fond of *Fielding's* masterpiece, you will rejoice in this new printing of it. Brentano's has done the American reading public a service by its importation. * * * *William A. Brady* is producing *Owen Davis's* dramatization of *Scott Fitzgerald's* "The Great Gatsby," with *James Rennie* in the title rôle. It opened in "West Egg"—namely, Great Neck. * * * A new collection of short stories by Fitzgerald will appear in February. Scott has a *flair* for titles. His latest is called "All the Sad Young Men." * * * Old *Ring Lardner's* "Going South," a new musical show, written in collaboration with *Gene Buck*, is being presented by *Ziegfeld*, and a movie he has written is being filmed in Florida. The popular *Tommy Meighan* will star in it. And over and above this, Ring has a new book of stories, "The Love Nest," coming out this spring. * * * We read the title story in a magazine and thought it extremely good. In his fiction Lardner maintains a high average. * * * Speaking of Scott Fitzgerald, he and family are moving from Paris to Salies-les-Baines, in the South of France; and *Louis Bromfield* has written from Paris that Fitz, *Konrad Bercovici*, *Mrs. Wharton*, *Ernest Hemingway*, and himself "seem to comprise the literary colony here." * * * A trifle ingenuous of Louis! * * * The Bromfields expect to be in Austria in February. * * * *Lincoln MacVeagh* announces *Glenway Wescott's* new novel, "The Grandmothers," which he has subtitled "A Family Portrait." Young Mr. Wescott is certainly worth watching. He is likely to develop into a truly significant novelist. * * * *Poe* is coming to the forefront again with a vengeance. *Joseph Wood Krutch's* study of the poet is being published and we hear that *Camille Mauclair's* "Le Génie d' Edgar Poë," just brought out in France, is extremely interesting. * * * *Don C. Seitz* has also just edited "A Chapter on Autography" by Poe, in which Poe comments upon the handwriting of his distinguished contemporaries. These comments were first published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* in 1853, and reprinted, of all things, in *P. T. Barnum's Illustrated News*. * * * The material does not appear in any collected edition of Poe. * * * Then there's *Hervey Allen's* book on "Poe," which we're looking forward to. * * * It has been suggested that the *Nest* open an account at the Chatham and Phenix Bank—and deposit there a nest-egg. * * * If we only had a nest-egg to deposit! * * * *Stella Benson* has written a most entertaining letter to a friend of ours, about thermometers and top-hats in Manchuria. We are privileged to reprint it here in part:

I was in such a whirl while I was in England that I hardly wrote anything; but the whirl has come to an absolute standstill now. I sit glued domestically to the fireside; icy wind, dust and snow and thermometer yards below zero combine to make woman's place most emphatically the Home. We tried to go and see Manchuria's *Tree* last Sunday—it is the only one within fifty miles—but it was almost buried in three feet of snow so we had to give it up. However—it is something to know that we have a Tree in the province (Kirin Province, Manchuria); in summer I shall hope to go and squeeze into the square yard of limpid shade and listen to Manchuria's Bird singing cautiously as it balances upon the Twig. The outstanding feature of Manchuria is certainly the little top-hat of the Korean colonist. I think it must be one of the only silly things left in this wise world. It is made of black, gauze-like stiff stuff which keeps out neither sun nor cold; it is almost exactly the same shape as a western top hat and yet is about ten sizes too small, so that it wobbles and has to be tied on with ribbons under the chin. And to add to the wobble, the top hat is worn on the top of an inner hat of the same gauzy texture. Under this idiotic tower of Babel, the Korean with his long wise sad face, and long wise beard with hoar-frost in it, maintains a look of profound dignity, even though he wears, round his long wise ears, to keep them warm, perky little rings of white rabbit-fur, like horse-radish frills round cold beef.

Everybody in this part of the world seems to live in someone else's native land. The Japanese live in Korea, the Koreans in Manchuria, the Manchus in North China, the Chinese in Southern Siberia, the Russians of Siberia, *poor things wherever they can beg a bone.*

* * * A recent play that impressed us very much was *Patrick Kearney's* "A Man's Man," which was produced by The Stagers. This is almost Mr. Kearney's first long dramatic effort, and was written, we understand in about three weeks. *Edward Goodman* has been browbeating him to write more plays, ever since, eight years ago, he submitted a first script to the Washington Square Players. * * * "A Man's Man" carried conviction to us, and was a nice, bitter dose of life, the kind we like. To us—an admirable study of futility. We like studies of futility. There we are. * * * The De Bower Publishing Company, shipping a book prepaid, remarks loudly upon the wrapper, "One of the First Million Copies of 'Florida in The Making'." * * * Is *that* so! * * * Florida is in the making, all right—and on the make. We are tired to death of hearing about Florida! * * * *The Philadelphian*, a monthly, (Volume 1. Number 1.) has taken leaves out of *The New Yorker's* book and also out of *Vanity Fair*. The result is rather a hybrid, which certainly doesn't look at all like Philadelphia. * * * Why not be original once in a while? * * * *Cameron Rogers* edited that grand book of drinking songs, "Full and By,"—and now he is coming before us with a novel of the life of *Walt Whitman*, "The Magnificent Idler." * * * Remember *Grant Overton's* "The Answerer?" Well, dig it up, and compare these Whitman novels. * * * We thank *L. Taylor*, of Asheville, for a pleasant letter. * * * The *Southwest Review* has interested us recently through *Stanley P. Chase's* article on "The Scene of 'The Everlasting Mercy'" which is Ledbury, Herefordshire. And *D. H. Lawrence* contributes "Pan in America." * * * In *The Manchester Guardian*, *Clemence Dane* recently chose as the second of the three "most significant novels of 1925" *Robert Nathan's* "Son of Amittai," published in America under the title of "Jonah." * * * "Alack for our English pride!" she cries, "that it should come from America." * * * Good for Bob! Good for his publishers, Robert M. McBride and Company! * * * *Harold Vinal* recommends to us a new novel he is publishing, "Wishes Come True," by *Georgia Fraser*, author of "The Stone House at Gowanus" and "Crow-Step," which latter book ran serially in *The Brooklyn Eagle*. * * * He is also issuing a long narrative poem by Miss Fraser, "Princess Royal." * * * *Louise Closser Hale's* "Home Talent" is a new story of the February crop that should be better than most. Most of you will remember Mrs. Hale as an actress, and the fine performances she gave in *Zona Gale's* "Lulu Bett." * * * We like the slogan of the Maxwelton Company, publishers, at Colony Court, Lexington, Kentucky. They inform us that "Maxwelton Books are Bonny." * * * They bring out in a rimed verse translation by *Marion M. Miller*, "The Songs of Sappho." * * * Unco bonny, we'd call that! * * * *Charles Hanson Towne* has written a new novel called "Tinsel." * * *

O Rupert Hughes, you raised a fuss
By saying Washington could cuss!

O Rupert, you provoked an answer
By saying Georgie was a dancer!

Your grace is marked beneath the willer
Because you called him a distiller!

They dub you now a history-scrambler
Because you said he was a gambler!

O Rupert, had you really orter
Provoke the fervent Son and Daughter?

You know the fervent Son and Daughter
Say George was raised on Lithia Water!

He never sat up late and later,
He never went to the Theayter.

He always firmly frowned on folly,
He never even said, "By Golly!"

O Rupe, you put it worse and worser;
You said he was a "champion curser";
You said he was "a great card-player";
You said—"he never—said a prayer!"

O Rupert Hughes, O Rupert Hughes,
They put you in the front-page news!

To George you are no catechumen;
You dare to think that he was human!

O Rupert, Rupert, how I blush!
For Heaven's sake, hush, Rupert, hush!

Look what you've went and done and did!
Sit on the lid—sit on the lid!

THE PHOENCIAN.

New Books

(*Continued from page* 534)

Brief Mention

WE FIND many miscellaneous books upon our shelf this week. Here is "Paris of Today," by *Ralph Nevill* (Doran: $6), an intimate study, more anecdotal than geographical, of the place where all good Americans are said to go when they die. It is attractively bound and illustrated. A large tome is *Lieut.-Col. E. D. Miller's* "Fifty Years of Sport," with a foreword by *Lieut.-Gen. Sir Beauvoir De Lisle, K. C. B.*, etc., an excellent record of the passing type of all-round English sportsman and gentleman in peace and war. This is another six dollar volume, imported by Dutton. "Beautiful Canada," by *Vernon Quinn* (Stokes: $4), is another travel book, a conventional but well-written and comprehensive description of Canada from ocean to ocean. There are sixty-five illustrations from photographs, with a tinted frontispiece. And, to turn to philosophy and science, first here is *William S. A. Pott's* "Chinese Political Philosophy" (Knopf: $2), a brief but authoritative analysis of Confucian philosophy in its political aspects, with revelant quotations; *Joseph McCabe's* "The Marvels of Modern Physics" (Putnam: $1.75), a popular treatment avoiding the use of technical terms; and "Evenings with the Stars," by *Mary Proctor* (Harpers: $2.50), a book for people who wish to know the names of the stars and where to find them—not an astronomy in the usual sense.

A new angle on a very ancient science, if so it may be termed, is supplied by *Ethel Watts Mumford*, in "Hand-Reading Today" (Stokes: $1.50), an interesting book for those who already believe in palmistry. "The Plot Concerns," by *Joseph Kaye* and *Burr Cook* (Putnam), is a series of narrative résumés of popular theatrical successes of the past two seasons. "The Light in the Valley," by *Mabel Wagnalls* (Funk & Wagnalls: $1.50), is the life-story of Mrs. Wagnalls by her daughter—the story of a girl of the pioneer Middle West who gave herself an artistic education and backed a big business in New York. And *Robert Grant's* "The Married Man" is a new one volume edition of this noted writer's "The Reflections of a Married Man" and its sequel, "The Opinions of a Philosopher," which were originally published in '92 and '93.

Thus we turn to fiction. *Cynthia Stockley's* "Three Farms" (Putnam) is another of her stories of South Africa, and pretty shoddy. We have liked some of Cynthia Stockley's work in the past. This is not nearly her best. *Bernie Babcock's* "Booth and the Spirit of Lincoln" (Lippincott: $2), by the author of "The Soul of Ann Rutledge," is a novel founded on documentary evidence, but historic fiction written in a most mediocre manner. "Channing Comes Through," by *Charles Alden Seltzer* (Century: $2), treats again of the West, Mr. Seltzer's special field—the West of an older day. Seltzer writes good romances of this kind. Charles Alexander, familiar with the trails and forests of the Pacific Northwest, chooses a lonely winter-bound cabin containing three men and a girl as the stage for his dramatic story, "The Splendid Summits" (Dodd, Mead: $2), and *Clara Louise Burnham*, in "The Lavarons" (Houghton Mifflin: $2), gives us a light-hearted and refreshing modern romance.

In the realm of *belles lettres*, here is "Everyman and Other Plays" (Greenberg: $5), most beautifully illustrated in color by *John Austen*. The Wakefield and Coventry plays and the others are drawn from old sources. "M'sieu Robin," by *Wallace Bruce Amsbury* (Reilly & Lee: $1.25), is excellent dialect verse of bucolic life in the valley of the Kankakee, *habitant* interpretation that is a distinct addition to American folk-lore. And a book of verse for children rather better than usual is *Florence Hoatson's* "The Little White Gate" (Crowell: $1.35), charmingly illustrated by Margaret Tarrant.

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